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INDIAN STORIES



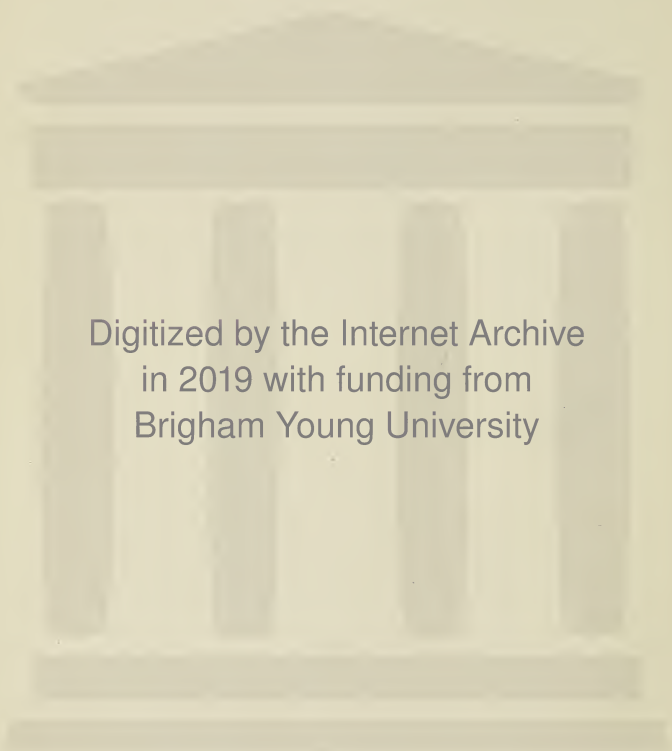
MAJOR CICERO NEWELL

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INDIAN STORIES

BY

CICERO NEWELL

MAJOR OF THE TENTH REGIMENT MICHIGAN
VOLUNTEER CAVALRY



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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PREFACE

MANY years ago I lived among the Indians and knew them well. They were very different from the Indians of to-day. It would be hard now to find any Indians who are as close to the original traditions as were those old friends of mine.

I want to give the boys and girls of to-day a chance to see the Indian as I saw him, and to know how he lived and what he thought. It is a pleasure to tell this story; for I came to love the Indian, and I had great respect for him and for his manner of life. When I first lived among the Dakotas, they were still strongly prejudiced in favor of the old ways, traditions and customs. They looked back with regret upon earlier times, when they lived, unmolested, the wild, free life of the forests. They said that their ancestors were better men than they, because their ancestors lived closer to the Great Spirit, by whom the actions of all Indians were guided.

I give the stories as they were told to me by old men who knew and loved the old-time ways, and who wanted to give me the real facts because they saw that I respected their customs and believed in them. In these stories I share with the boys and girls of to-day, who can never know the old-fashioned Indians, my recollections of a busy and happy life among them, at a time when they had not unlearned all the old customs, and when they were keenly alive to the best traditions of their past.

CICERO NEWELL.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY	1
The Meeting with Yellow Breast	2
The Dinner and the Council	4
Chief Spotted Tail's Speech	9
II. STORIES OF SLEEP-IN-THE-CLOUDS: TRADITIONS	16
How the World was Formed	17
The First of the Human Race	18
The Glacial Period	19
Volcanoes	20
Earthquakes	20
Tidal Waves	21
First Knowledge about Animals	21
Why the Bones of Animals are found in the Far North	22
The Fight of the Tree Men with the Cave Men	23
III. SOME BELIEFS OF THE INDIANS	27
The Holy Men, or Prophets	27
How the Holy Men were tested by Fire	30
The Holy Men tested by Rifles	32
Other Tests of the Holy Men	36
The Dakota Belief concerning Insanity	38
The Dakota Belief concerning Death	39
The Vision of White Thunder	40
How the Great Spirit Punishes	49
Dreaming of Lightning	53
IV. INDIAN FAMILY LIFE	55
How Names are Bestowed	55
The Marriage Ceremony	58
Why a Warrior had Two or More Wives	63

CHAPTER		PAGE
	INDIAN FAMILY LIFE (Continued)	
	Indian Divorces	66
	Why Indian Men did not Work	67
	Indians prefer to own Things in Common	72
V.	CHILD LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS	74
	Pets and Sports	75
	The Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania	77
	Results of Educating the Indians	82
VI.	THE INDIAN DANCES	85
	The Ghost Dance	85
	The Scalp Dance	86
	The Bear Dance	89
	The Celebration of the Sun Dance	90
	The Meaning of the Sun Dance	95
VII.	THE INDIAN ON THE WAR PATH	99
	Why the Indians painted Themselves	99
	The Meaning of the Various Paints	101
	Chief Spotted Tail's Speech	102
	The Great Sioux War and how it Started	104
	The Death of Chief Black Bear	105
	Chief Spotted Tail and the Commissioners	108
	The Treaty of 1876	113
	The Death of Young Chief Crazy Horse	115
	The Dakotas' Account of the Battle with General Custer	119
	The Massacre at Wounded Knee	124
	Why the Ute Indians killed Major Thornburg	126
VIII.	THE INDIAN HUNTER	129
	How the Indians killed Buffaloes	130
	The Indian Law concerning Hunting Buffalo	131
	How the Indians captured Antelopes	133
	How the Indians captured Eagles	133
	Catching and Training Wild Horses	134
IX.	THE SKILL OF THE INDIANS	137
	How they made Arrowheads	137

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER	THE SKILL OF THE INDIANS (Continued)	PAGE
	How the Indians preserved Meat	140
	How they made Tanned Leather Soft	141
	How they made Ornaments	144
	How they made Pipes	147
	How they made War Clubs	148
	How they kept Warm in Winter	149
	How they provided Food for their Horses in Winter	151
	How they made Paints before the White Man Came	152
	How they carried their Sick when on the March	153
	How they cured their Sick	153
	How they made Boats	154
X.	SOME INDIAN CUSTOMS	157
	Old Belt, the Historian	157
	How they selected Chiefs	158
	Why the Indians wore Long Hair	159
	Why they used the Pipe when they Prayed	162
	Indian Money	164
	Indian Music	165
	How the Indians learned how many White Men were in the White Man's Country	166
	Why White People adopt Indian Ways	168
XI.	THE HONOR OF THE DAKOTAS	170
	Are Indians Treacherous?	170
	How Cowardice was Punished	171
	Why Indians did not lock up their Goods	172
	How Stealing was Punished	173
XII.	THE INDIAN OF TO-DAY	178
	Why Tuberculosis is killing so many Indians	178
	The Boys and Girls who went to Carlisle	180
	What became of Some of the Indians I Knew	181
APPENDIX	185
	The History of Little Eagle	186
	Brief Vocabulary of the Dakota Language	189

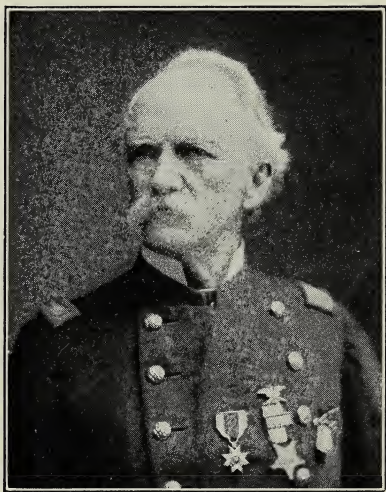
INDIAN STORIES

CHAPTER I

IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY

IN the year 1876, soon after General George A. Custer met his death on the plains of Montana, I was sent by our government to be the United States Indian Agent for the Brûlé Sioux (Dakotas), a tribe commonly known as Spotted Tail's band.

I had been told by army officers that these Indians were the most savage of all the tribes on the plains. I had my wife and three small boys with me, although I had been advised not to take my family, as they might never come back alive.



MAJOR CICERO NEWELL.

The agency was one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest government fort. We went by train to Sioux City, Iowa. There we took a steamer and soon were plowing our way up the Missouri River. The Indian name for that river is Minishoshay (*Minne-Shu-Shu*), which means Muddy Water. After traveling almost two days we arrived at the place where we were to land and take a government wagon for the agency, one hundred and two miles directly west.

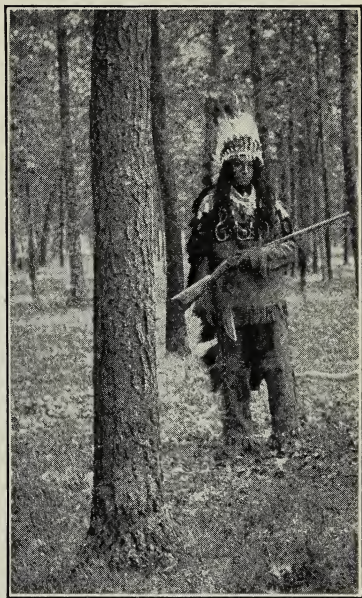
THE MEETING WITH YELLOW BREAST

WHEN everything was ready we started on our trip over the hills and the plains to the place where we expected to find the Indians about seven thousand strong. About noon of the second day we saw ahead of us on the trail three Indians who were riding ponies. As soon as they saw us they dismounted and sat down by the trail. We could not tell from their actions what they were doing, but we had in the wagon two Winchester rifles, which we loaded in order to be prepared for the worst.

When we came nearer to the Indians they jumped up and came to the carriage, extending their hands to us, wishing to shake hands. The driver of our wagon knew them. He said that they were friendly and wanted to

know who we were. As soon as they found that I was the new "Father," as they called the agent, they said, "How, How, Kolah!" (How do you do, friend).

The driver told me that the leader of this party was Yellow Breast, one of the warriors and a very good man. The other two were friends of Yellow Breast. I noticed that their faces were painted a bright red and that Yellow Breast had yellow and red paint on his chest. Upon meeting us, desiring to appear well, they had dismounted and painted

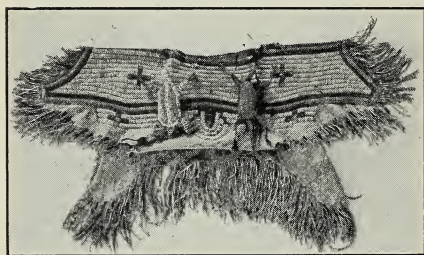


ONE OF MY DAKOTA FRIENDS.

their faces and bodies. When white people wish to appear well they put on fine clothing, but the Indians put paint on their faces and bodies. They wore no clothing except their leggings and moccasins and the breechcloth which they all wore wound around their hips. They seemed to be very friendly, and glad that I had come to live among them.

THE DINNER AND THE COUNCIL

THE day after we arrived at the agency I told the interpreter to send out a runner and invite the chiefs and head warriors to come to the place because the "New Father" wished to talk with them. We prepared dinner for about twenty-five persons. At the appointed time we saw about that number of big, strong Indian warriors dismount from their ponies and



AN INDIAN SHIRT.

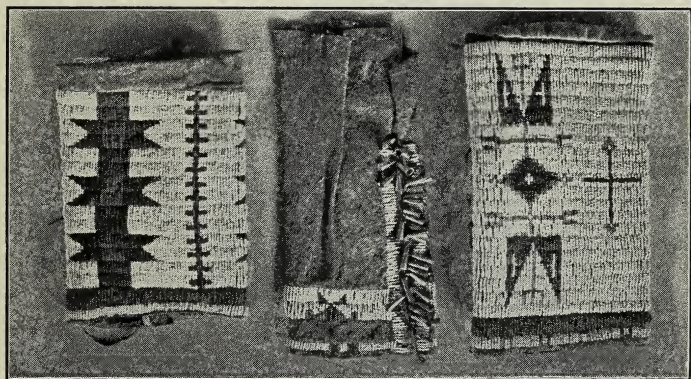
walk in a very dignified manner to my quarters. They had their hair braided in two large braids, and on the back of his head each one had his scalp lock braided. All had

a little red paint on their faces and hands. They had no weapons except their hunting knives, which they always carried in scabbards attached to their belts.

The interpreter was present and introduced each chief to me in turn. The head chief, Spotted Tail, came first. I can remember how strong and capable he looked. He was about five feet ten inches in height and as straight as an arrow. He had on blue cloth

leggings and a buckskin shirt. I noticed also that he had two eagle feathers in his hair.

Next came White Thunder. He was chief over some of Spotted Tail's warriors and had about two thousand people under his command. He was the finest specimen of Indian I had ever met. Usually Indians are rather haughty, but he came forward with a smile on his face and shook hands with me as he gave me his



INDIAN LEGGINGS.

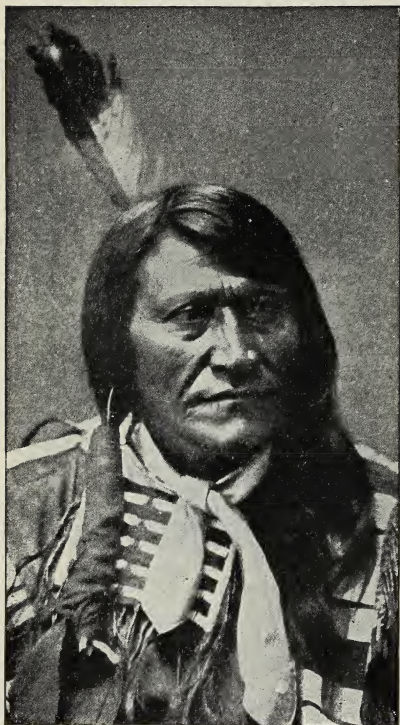
greeting. In later years I learned to love and respect this man thoroughly.

Then came Black Crow; he was taller than the others, and stood about six feet two inches in height. He had very penetrating eyes.

Next came Two Strike, quite an old man and not so

tall as the others; he was chief over a great many of his people. After him came Quick Bear; he too was tall and slim and was chief over two thousand.

Last of all came the old chief Crazy Horse. He was



TWO STRIKE.

quite bent with age, and his friends told me that more than a hundred snows had fallen on his tepee. He was living with the Brûlé Sioux, although his people at that time were on the Yellowstone River. They had not as yet come in and signed the treaty of 1868 as the others had done.

After all had been introduced I requested them to be seated. They sat down in Indian fashion, wrapping their blankets around their

knees and sitting on the floor. They did not like to sit on chairs. One old chief said, "The earth is my

mother, I will rest on her bosom." When they were seated my wife gave to each one a large plate filled with meat and other food. They used their hunting knives instead of forks, which they had never learned to use.

When the meal was finished I noticed that the old man, Crazy Horse, had eaten only about half the food given him. He

loosened his belt and ate a little more, but still could not eat all of it. Then he put his plate on the floor and, looking at my wife, made a motion with his hands, indicating that she was to let that plate



MAJOR NEWELL IN INDIAN COSTUME.

remain there until he came back. Then he arose, gathered his blanket around his shoulders, and went out of the room. After a few moments he came back with a young man about twenty years old. The old

chief told this young man to sit down and eat the food that had been left on his plate.

I learned that they never leave anything on their plates because such an action is considered a mark of disrespect to the friend who is giving the dinner. If they cannot eat all that is set before them, they call in some one to eat what is left. From this fact I learned also that when I went to feast with the Indians, I must provide somebody to eat my portion if for any reason I could not stay to eat with them. I soon discovered that it was not hard to find a substitute.

After the meal had been finished one of the Indians produced a pipe which was filled with the bark of the red willow. He lighted it and passed it to the next man, who drew a mouthful of smoke from the pipe and blew it into his hand. Then, holding his hand over his head, he opened it, saying these words, "As the smoke from this pipe goes to the clouds, so the words of my prayer will go to the Great Spirit." Then he asked the Great Spirit to guide them in their council for they did not want to do anything wrong. Each one in turn went through the same form.

The interpreter informed me that they never did any business of importance without first asking the Great Spirit to guide them in their undertaking.

CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL'S SPEECH

AFTER this ceremony I asked Chief Spotted Tail to make a speech. He stood up, threw his blanket from his right shoulder, gathered it under his right arm, and looking about him, said:—

“Father, you have come to us from the land of the Great Father at Washington. We welcome you. We are glad that you have come to live with us. We see that you have brought your wife and children with you. We are glad that you have done so. It shows us that you have come to



CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL.

stay with us a long time. I want to tell you that not many snows have fallen since all the land which lies be-

tween the Missouri River and the setting sun was our land, the home of our fathers. Not many snows have fallen since all the land that the white man is now claiming was the land of our fathers (ancestors). The Great Spirit gave it to our fathers when he made the world.

“When the white men first came to our land in big boats they were met by our people. We welcomed them to our homes. Our fathers gave them food to eat and horses to ride. We took them into our tepees and gave them places to sleep. It was not very long before they treated our fathers badly. Some of the white men were lazy. They did not want to work. They tried to make our fathers do their work for them. When our fathers refused to do their work they put chains on them, and with big whips they beat them. Our fathers had never been slaves. If our fathers refused to do the work they were killed.

“Then we found that the white men were not our friends, but our enemies. We found that they had two tongues.¹ When our people learned that the white men were liars they tried to drive them from the land. Then the Great Chief of the white men, who lived beyond the big water, sent his warriors over here in his big boats to drive our fathers from their homes. Our

¹ *i.e.* one that spoke truth and one that spoke falsehood.

fathers called upon all the young men to go upon the warpath. Many snows came and melted before that war was ended. Our fathers were driven beyond the Great River (*Mississippi River*). Then they were left alone and they believed that the white men had taken all the land they wanted. For many winters they lived very happily.

“After a while the white men heard that there was much gold in the creeks out in the land of the setting sun. Then we saw the long lines of wagons coming through our hunting grounds. We saw the men shoot and kill our buffaloes. The white men killed many. They did not eat them nor take off their skins for clothing; they left them on the prairie. Our people did not like that. Our fathers were very careful of the buffaloes. They did not kill elk or antelope unless they required them for food or for blankets. They told the white men to kill and eat all they wanted, but not to kill any to waste. The white men laughed at us and killed many more. We told them that if they killed our buffaloes we would kill or take their oxen and horses.

“When we did that they killed our young men. And then for many snows we were again on the warpath. The Great Father's warriors killed many of our people. They killed our wives and children. We fought them

for a long time. Finally the heart of the Great Father at Washington cried for his children. He sent some of his counselors here to talk with our people. They asked us to stop fighting. They told us that if we would go to a reservation they would feed our children, give them



AN INDIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

warm blankets, and teach them to read in books as white children do. We talked it over and told the white men that we would live in peace with them. We kept our word.

“Before the snows of six winters had fallen on our

tepees our young men came into our lodges and told us that the white men were again in the land that our Great Father had given us with the promise that we should never again be disturbed as long as grass should grow and water run.

“Our young men were very angry. They got a war party to drive away the intruders. We had always known that there was much gold in the Black Hills. The white men gave one of our young men bad water (fire water). He drank it and told the white men about the gold. That was just what they wanted to know.

“After a while, the Great Father at Washington sent Long Hair (the Indian name for General Custer) with his Long Knives (cavalry soldiers) to drive the white men from our land. Then the Great Father sent for me to come to Washington. He wanted to buy the Black Hills from our people. We sold the land to the Great Father and all has been quiet ever since.

“I want to tell you what trouble we are having now. The Great Father at Washington sends plenty of food for my people, but we have found that there are some bad white men who are coming here in the night and stealing our food and carrying it off to the Black Hills

to sell to the white men who are digging gold there. Our children are crying for food. We want you to stop the white men from stealing our food. Then we shall have plenty. The white men come to our land from the south of the Minne-Luza (*Running Water*). They are stealing our ponies. We do not like that. We want you to stop that also. The white men come to our land and steal the cattle which the Great Father sent us for meat. We want you to stop that too. We do not want to go to war, but we cannot hear our children cry for meat. My brother, we hope that you will have pity on our wives and children and see that the white men do what is right for our people. We welcome you to the land of the Dakotas."

The chief then took his seat.

Several of the others also made short speeches in which they approved the words of their chief. These speeches were all translated for me by an interpreter, and my answers were translated in the same way.

After all who wished to speak had done so I said that I was glad to meet them, that I was glad that they had told me of the wrongs they were suffering at the hands of those white men, and that I would do all in my power to have the wrongs righted. I told them that I should expect them to assist me in my work, for I did

not understand the laws and customs of their people; that the Great Father at Washington was their friend, and that he would not see their wives and children cry for food or blankets.

When I had finished Spotted Tail rose and said, "Father, at any time that you see my people commit a wrong send for me and I will make all things right." After that they departed for their homes in a very happy frame of mind.

They kept their word with me, and I kept my word with them. I soon learned where the trouble came from and stopped the stealing of their rations. Not long after that some cowboys came from Nebraska one night and stole eighteen horses from the Indians. The theft was reported to me. The following morning I sent a party of my Indian police in pursuit of the thieves. They followed the lawless men across the line into Nebraska, shot one of the cowboys, and captured the horses. We had no more trouble of the kind after that.

CHAPTER II

STORIES OF SLEEP-IN-THE-CLOUDS: TRADITIONS

IN my search for Indian knowledge I met an old Indian whose name was Sleep-in-the-Clouds. He had a tepee all to himself.

He sometimes brought me pictures which he had made of the things he saw while he was "sleeping in the clouds," as he described his experiences.

He made his coloring material from the juices of roots and bark. To help him I gave him a set of colored pencils, which pleased the old man very much. He asked me to visit him often in his seclusion, and he told me much that was very interesting to me.

I shall give here some of the stories he told me. To him they were very real, and he had evidently given much thought to things about which most Indians refuse to talk. To what extent these stories of his represented his own interpretation of the legends of his tribe or to what extent he was merely giving expression to a common belief, I cannot say. Certainly he was very much in earnest.

HOW THE WORLD WAS FORMED

HE said that the Sun was the mother of the Earth. When the Earth was a very little child it wandered through space, but never went far from the Mother Sun. After a time it became round and followed the Sun every day. Like a child, it could not leave its mother.

He said that when the Earth was born it was very hot like the Sun. After a time it commenced to cool. A crust began to form at the poles and finally covered the entire surface. Before the crust was all formed the world turned around so fast that it was drawn in a little at the poles, and at the center it became slightly enlarged. The earth was so hot that it drew from the clouds a great amount of water, which fell on the ground. That helped to cool it still more. After a long time had passed the crust was formed on all the earth.

Then the rain fell so fast that the water spread over the crusted surface. The earth was like a vast ocean. There was no dry land on it. Then the crust on the surface became so thick and strong that it sometimes cracked open. The hot material in the center would not yield to the pressure of the contracting surface, and the crust cracked in places and let the waters in upon the hot lava. When the water came in contact with the lava it caused an explosion that shook the whole

earth. Huge ridges, sometimes miles in length and very high, were thrown up on each side of the great crevice. In this manner mountains were formed. The water cooled the hot lava between these high ridges. After a time other cracks appeared, due to the shrinking of the material on the earth's surface. Then still other mountains were thrown up miles in height.

The mountains were so high that the snow gathered on them in great avalanches which came tumbling down at all seasons of the year, carrying with them great pieces of rock and stones that were frozen into the snow. In that way the valleys were formed.

THE FIRST OF THE HUMAN RACE



A**FTER** the world had been made the Great Spirit caused animals that had the shape of men to appear on it. At first they lived in trees and ate the fruit. They had hands with which they climbed. The males had hair on their heads and faces, but the bodies of all were unprotected. They had nests among the branches of the trees, and there they raised their young. They made homes there also, to protect themselves from animals.

After a time some of these creatures grew to be very large, so that they could compete with the animals. They could even fight with them and kill them. They were soon so strong that they could tear the animals into pieces, much as wild animals rend one another to-day. At last, when they had become very large and heavy, they could not climb the trees as readily as once they had done, and they made nests in the caves and among the rocks where they could protect themselves more easily.

As the crust of the earth became cooler and the first human beings were compelled to sleep on the ground, hair grew on their bodies to shield them from the cold. The laws of the Great Spirit were made to protect all the animal world, even the fishes that live in the sea.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD

THE mountains near the equator were so high in those early days that snow was on them all the year round. When the snow came sliding down the mountain sides it carried with it stones which were scarred and marked by the contact as they came.

I explained to the Indian wise man all about this period as it is understood by the white men. Sleep-in-the-Clouds told me that the Great Spirit said that that

explanation was wrong, because no great snows or cold ever came from the north or south, adding that the earth is steadily growing colder.

VOLCANOES

I ASKED the aged Indian why we had volcanoes and what their uses were. He replied that formerly there were many more volcanoes than can be found at present. Almost all are now clogged. In olden times, whenever the crust on the surface of the earth contracted, instead of cracking open, outlets were formed by which the hot lava could be squeezed out, thereby relieving the pressure. If that pressure was not relieved the earth would crack open, and that which followed is what we call an earthquake. The constant overflow of this hot lava caused the formation of high peaks which were called volcanoes.

EARTHQUAKES

SLEEP-in-the-Clouds also explained that a similar cause produces earthquakes at the present time. The crust of the earth near the equator cools more quickly than at the poles. As the volcanoes are mostly closed, the constant shrinking of the surface produces small splits in the thick crust. The water that has

gathered in the crust, as in wells, drips down through the crevices until it comes in contact with the hot lava and, being changed into steam, causes the rumbling and shaking that we feel when we have an earthquake.

TIDAL WAVES

HE also explained that whenever there is a large crack in the crust of the earth far out in the ocean, the waters rush in, and we sometimes see an island appear on the surface of the water. When the huge mass of water is raised it forms a wave that rolls back upon the land, producing a tidal wave.

FIRST KNOWLEDGE ABOUT ANIMALS



HE old medicine man, or prophet, as his followers called him, told me that the Great Spirit said that after the mountains had fallen and the valleys had been formed vegetation commenced to appear upon the earth. Great trees, some of them bearing fruit, began to appear. Then the Great Spirit caused animals to grow. When the waters on the earth were cool enough for certain animals to live in them he made fishes grow in the big waters. Some of the ani-

mals were so formed that they could live either in the water or on the land. None of these animals had any hair on their bodies. The water was warm and as the surface of the earth was still very thin, every part of it was much warmer than to-day.

Animal life commenced to appear first at the poles of the earth, the equatorial region being as yet so hot that it could not exist there. When the surface became thicker at the center of the earth the animal life began to spread towards the equatorial region. There were then no winters and there was no snow on the earth.

WHY THE BONES OF ANIMALS ARE FOUND IN THE FAR NORTH

IN time there were formed at the poles of the earth many mountains so high that they were covered with snow and ice. The great animals that lived in warmer regions often went to the foot of the mountains to feed upon the vegetation which was found there. Sometimes while they were eating a great avalanche of snow and ice would come tumbling and rolling down the mountain sides, carrying masses of rock and soil with it. These avalanches would bury many feet under the surface the animals which they overwhelmed. That is why animals' bones are found there even to this day.

THE FIGHT OF THE TREE MEN WITH THE CAVE MEN



HE Holy Man, Sleep-in-the-Clouds, said that he could see many things that other people could not behold because the Great Spirit had given him that power. He said that the Great Spirit showed him pictures that other men did not see. Sometimes he went away and stayed in the clouds many days. Some of his people said that he was in a trance at such a time, others declared that he was dead; but he always came back. He made pictures of the things that he saw in the clouds. He told me about a battle that the Great Spirit had showed him which took place one day between the tree men and the cave men.

He beheld a great forest in which many tree men dwelt. He saw many of the tree men as they climbed up into the large trees, carrying food for their young. Suddenly the Holy Man saw one of their number run into the forest, making a loud cry. As he approached, the tree men at once assembled in large numbers. The cry spread through the forest. The tree men gathered in the place by hundreds. They seemed to be holding a consultation, and there appeared to be among them leaders who took command of the others.

After a time one of their number, more powerful than the rest, started toward the place from which the one who had given the first alarm had come. The others all followed him, armed with clubs and stones. They ran through the forest, keeping very still as they advanced. They followed a river which issued from the mountain. When they came near the mountain all halted for another consultation. Soon three of the leading ones moved forward again toward the mountain. As they came still nearer they advanced very cautiously. In a brief time they arrived at the mountain, where there was a cave, or what appeared to be an entrance to a cave. Near the place were the bones of many animals. One of the tree men crept into the cave, but soon came running out again, followed by the cave men, who were very large and strong and had hair all over their bodies. Their teeth also were large and strong. They walked upright, as a man does. The cave men were armed with huge clubs and stones and they pursued the tree men, followed by many of their fellows. All rushed into the forest toward the place where the tree men were awaiting their coming. Soon cries were heard as though all were fighting. After a time the cave men came back, bringing with them two of the tree men whom they had captured. They also

brought back some of their own number who had been hurt. All did not return, for some had been killed in the battle.

Then the women come out of the cave, snarling and making a great noise. When they were aware that all their men had not come back from the fight they set up a great cry and attacked the two prisoners, biting them and sucking their blood. The women and children fought for the blood and pieces of the meat which they tore from the bones of the prisoners. After the women and children had satisfied their hunger, the men finished devouring the prisoners.

The old medicine man said that they were like wild animals. He told me that some of his people think that in those early days there were no Dakotas. The ancient tribes steadily became better and the Great Spirit aided the animals and mankind as well to improve.

I was greatly interested in the stories told me by Sleep-in-the-Clouds. His account of the glacial period reminded me of that given by our own scientists, who claim that at one time all the northern part of North America and Europe was covered by a vast sheet of ice, and also that the marks of the grinding of the glaciers upon the rocks may still be seen. The old prophet's explanation of the causes of earthquakes,

volcanoes, and tidal waves is also along the line of scientific knowledge.



THREE WELL-KNOWN DAKOTA LEADERS.

On the left Standing Elk, the great orator of the Dakota tribe. In the center Whirlwind Soldier, the son of Spotted Tail. On the right Roaster, a prominent Medicine Man. On the war shirts may be seen the scalps of Pawnees who had been killed in battle.

CHAPTER III

SOME BELIEFS OF THE INDIANS

WHEN the Indians told me that they knew how the world came into existence I was eager to learn how they had kept such history. They told me that they did not keep these records on skins, as they did the events of each year, but that they got them from their Holy Men, or prophets.

THE HOLY MEN, OR PROPHETS

THE Indians believed that the Holy Men talked with the Great Spirit, which is the name they gave to God. There were only four or five of these Holy Men in my territory. I found that the people revered them much as the ancients did the prophets about whom we read in the Bible. The Indians said that the Holy Men were inspired and that they performed miracles to prove that they could talk with the Great Spirit; and the Great Spirit told the Indians, through these Holy Men, how the world was made.

Spotted Tail, the great chief of the tribe, had told

me that if there was anything that I did not understand about his people, I could come to him and he would make all things plain. Accordingly, I went to him to inquire about these Holy Men, for I had discovered that they

wielded a great influence among the Indian people.

One morning Spotted Tail, together with four of his head warriors, came to my office and invited me to take a ride with him. I ordered my saddle horse and we started. Our path led over the prairie and across the creeks for about an hour's ride.



ONE OF THE HOLY MEN.

Finally in the distance I saw a tepee on a hillside. As we rode up to it I saw about two hundred Indians seated around it. There were men and women present and all had their blankets drawn over their heads. They were sitting in a circle that was about two hundred feet in diameter. In the center of the circle was the Indian tepee.

In the rear of the tepee was a wagon with five Indian ponies tied to it. In front were three of the Holy Men praying. I could tell that they were praying because I saw them blow the smoke from their pipe into their hands, and hold up their hands to let the smoke escape, as they had done at the dinner which I have described in another chapter.

After they stopped praying to the Great Spirit the men stood up and gave to the people who were present everything they had in and around the tepee including the horses and wagon.

Then I saw an Indian and his wife and two children, a little boy and a girl, come out of the tepee. They passed through the circle of Indians and started across the prairie, the father going one way and the mother and children another. The interpreter told me that the father would not see his wife or children again for perhaps seven years. He intended to become a Holy Man and must live apart from his family and spend his time in praying to the Great Spirit. He must fast also much of the time and eat only enough to keep him from starving. His food was to be roots, wild berries, and anything else that he might find.

In the winter he might sometimes come to the tepees of his people, cover his head, and hold out his hand.

The people, knowing that he was hungry, would always place food before him. In that way he was to live until he felt that he had the spirit of prophecy given him by the Great Spirit. Then he would come back to his people and ask them to try him.

Chief Spotted Tail told me that these men stayed in the wilderness, as they call it, until they had subdued their love for good food, their love for clothing, even their love for wife and children, until every one was as a brother or sister to them and every selfish feeling was subdued. After that had been accomplished, the men came back to the village to be tried.

HOW THE HOLY MEN WERE TESTED BY FIRE

ONE Sunday my wife and I were on our way home from the agency church. As we passed an Indian tepee I heard some one call out, "Father! Father!" I stopped and listened. I heard the call repeated. It was an Indian calling me.

We went to the tepee from which the call came, raised the door, and entered. We saw four Indians sitting in a circle, praying. In the center of the tepee was a fire, and over the fire was a kettle that held about four buckets of water. The kettle was nearly full of water and meat. The fire was burning briskly

and the meat was boiling. It boiled so hard that the grease from the meat at times came over the side of the kettle and ran down into the fire, causing it to smoke. I supposed that they had invited us to have dinner with them.

While we were watching them at their prayers I saw one of the four Indians rise and throw off his blanket. He then advanced to the kettle, bared his right arm above the elbow, and thrust his hand and arm into the kettle of boiling meat and water. He held it there until I expected to see every particle of the flesh



A TEEPEE.

on his arm scalded and cooked. Finally he found the piece of meat that he wanted, took it out, and ate it while it was still boiling hot. After he had finished, I took my handkerchief and wiped the grease and water from his arm, and felt it to see if it was injured. When I pinched it he betrayed no signs of pain. There was a

smile on his face all the time as though he had nothing to fear. I could not understand how he could do such a thing as that. If I had placed my hand in that boiling water and grease it would have burned the flesh from the bone. But this man was not harmed.

To make sure that I was not mistaken, I asked him to come to my office at four o'clock that afternoon and let me see his arm again. He came as I requested, but I found no bad results whatever. His arm seemed to be as perfect as it had been. This man had just completed seven years of fasting and prayer. The Indians said that he had prepared himself to become a Holy Man and that the Great Spirit had protected him from all harm. They declared that he could hear the words of the Great Spirit.

THE HOLY MEN TESTED BY RIFLES

ONE morning when I was sitting in my office one of my sons came running in saying, "Come! The Indians are going to shoot two other Indians! Come quickly and stop it!" The Indian boys had told him about it. He was badly frightened.

I called the interpreter and questioned him concerning the affair. He told me that the Indians were

about to "try" two Holy Men, one of whom I had seen tested on the preceding Sunday.

He said that the people always wanted to see the Holy Men tried before they accepted them for teachers. If the men were frauds they would be killed ; but if they were really Holy Men they would come out of the test alive and unharmed. The interpreter said that in the olden times their people always made this test with poisoned arrows, but now they preferred Winchester rifles.

I called my wife and with the interpreter and several others went to see the trial. I found over one thousand men, with their families, gathered in a semicircle behind the warehouse to witness the test.

It was in the summer. The grass was all burned from the ground and the region was dusty. The ground where the Indians were assembled was level. Opposite the semicircle was a gently sloping hill. The semicircle of the Indians was about two hundred feet in diameter.

In the center, between the Indians and the hill, stood an old warrior who was widely known for his skill in marksmanship. On his arm at this time he had a Winchester rifle of the best pattern. Around his waist was a belt which was filled with Winchester

rifle cartridges of the most approved kind. He loaded his gun, filled the chamber, and stood ready to shoot.

When everything was ready I saw two Indians come out of a tepee just outside the circle. I was told by the interpreter that these men had not tasted food for nearly forty-eight hours. They had been praying to the Great Spirit night and day, asking to be protected from all harm.

They wore no clothing except the breechcloth which all Indians then wore around their loins. Each had one eagle feather in his hair. Their bodies were painted red. In their right hands they carried a short spear which was painted black. On the left arm was a small shield made of very thin antelope skin, so thin that the sun shone through it.

As they entered the circle of Indians the two men began to run at a slow "dog trot," one running behind the other. As they passed between the hill and the old warrior who was holding the gun the latter raised his rifle and fired a shot at the leading Indian. I watched very carefully to see if the ball missed its mark. If the ball passed the Indian, it would surely strike the hillside, and I would see the dust which it raised. I was certain that it did not strike the hillside or the ground. It could not pass over the hill, it was

aimed too low. I had served in the army four years, where I had often heard the *ping* of rifle balls, and I was convinced that I heard that same unpleasant sound on this occasion.

Each time, after the Indians had passed him, and he had fired the shot, the old warrior advanced, picked up something from the ground, and placed what he had found in a leather pocket he had on his belt.

The old warrior fired six shots at each Indian, reloading his gun after the chamber was emptied.

I noticed that the Indians all watched the shooting with as much interest as I did. They were good judges of the work, better in fact than I, for they had a special interest in knowing whether the man was a Holy Man or only an impostor. It would have been hard to deceive their sharp eyes. I was satisfied that no imposition had been practiced. Death would have been the certain penalty for that. Indians will not be trifled with in matters of that nature.

After the shooting was ended, the two Indians went to their tepee, where food was ready for them. The crowd of Indians mounted their ponies and quietly wended their way to their homes. I called the old warrior to me and asked him to let me see what he had in his pouch. He handed me five of the rifle balls

that he took from the pocket. They all showed the marks of the groove of the gun and the points were slightly flattened. I saw paint on some of the balls. The interpreter informed me that the balls hit the sides of the Indians and fell harmless to the ground, taking with them some of the paint which was on the skin of the Indians. I did not doubt the honesty of the Indians in their public test, but I asked the old warrior how the trick was done. I shall never forget the look he gave me. It was not a look of contempt, but one of pity that I could be so ignorant as to believe that he would practice fraud.

Many different explanations of these tests are given by our learned men; but it is not necessary to discuss those explanations here. I am only telling what I actually saw. I do not for a moment question the good faith of those Indians who took part in the ceremony I witnessed.

OTHER TESTS OF THE HOLY MEN

I ASKED the Indians to tell me how they had tried their Holy Men before they had rifles. They replied that their fathers had tested the Holy Men with fire, hot water, arrows that had been poisoned, and rattlesnake bites.

In the olden times their people assembled just as I saw them gather for the rifle test. As they had nothing with which to shoot in the early days except bow and arrows, one of their number would arm himself with arrows that had been poisoned. This poison they obtained by taking a piece of meat and tying it to a stick; then, finding a big rattler, they annoyed him until he coiled up with his tail in the center of the coil. They held out the piece of meat and let him bite it. So much poison went into the piece of meat from the fangs that the meat very quickly turned black. Then they inserted the point of the arrow into the wet meat. If that point should make on the skin only a scratch deep enough to draw blood it would cause death. The Indians did not use this test any more, for the reason that if the poisoned arrow was left in some place where children could find it they were likely to be poisoned by handling it. The Indians preferred the rifle test.

I had read that the people of other nations performed as marvelous deeds as the Dakotas, so I wrote to Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, having heard that he had made investigations among certain tribes of people that live on Tahiti Island. He sent me his book, in which I saw

photographs which his men had taken showing the Holy Men of that land walking with naked feet on stones that had been heated white hot. I learned, too, that the same test was applied to the Holy Men of the Japanese nation and was in use among the Hindus.

THE DAKOTA BELIEF CONCERNING INSANITY

THERE is insanity among Indians just as there is among white people, but the Indians did not confine their insane in an asylum as we do. They said that when their people became insane they were possessed by evil spirits.

They believed that when a very bad man died his spirit did not go into the grave but that it went out of the flesh-body, where it had always lived, into the air, and that it was of such a nature that it could not be seen by the natural eye. Their Holy Men, however, could see these evil spirits.

Sometimes the evil spirit took possession of the body of a man or woman or even of a little child and drove out the good spirit, just as one person would drive another out of his house and then do anything he wished there while the rightful owner was away.

The Holy Men, who could see the bad spirit, would ask the Great Spirit to drive it out of the one who was

possessed, so that the rightful owner could come back. Sometimes when they drove the wicked spirit out of a good person, it went into the body of an animal and made it mad.

The Indians said that when a man passed into a trance, sometimes one of the evil spirits took possession of the man's body until his spirit came back from the trance. They thought that nearly all insane persons were only possessed by the spirit of some other person.

THE DAKOTA BELIEF CONCERNING DEATH

I HAD often heard it stated that the Indians had no fear of death. Why should they not have the same fear that some white men have? I have known many white men who were afraid to die. If the Indians had no fear whatever I wanted very much to find out what kind of religion they had.

I soon discovered that they did not like to speak of their religion, and for a long time I could not induce them to talk about it. I was told by them that they had been persecuted by white men when they spoke of their beliefs. Some white men had told them that their religion was of the devil; and there had been times when army officers and others had shot them down when they had assembled to worship the Great Spirit.

I often tried to get my interpreter interested in the subject, but he always found some way to turn the conversation, and I received no information from him. One day he told me that if I could get Chief White Thunder to talk about it, I might learn much. When I made known my desire to the chief, after some consideration, he said, "If you will come to my tepee some day, I will tell you all about it."

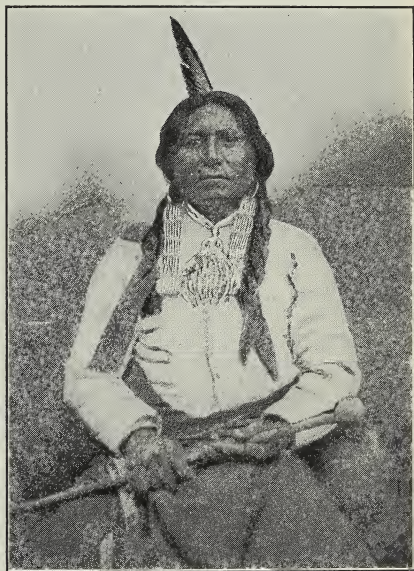
Before I give you the story as told me by White Thunder, you will be interested in hearing something about him. White Thunder, as we called him, was a chief over part of Spotted Tail's people. At that time he was about fifty years of age, he stood six feet high, had a strong and vigorous body, and was in every way far superior to the ordinary Indian. He had one wife and two children. His son was sixteen and his daughter was ten years of age. Knowing that White Thunder was loved and respected by his people, I tried to cultivate his acquaintance and win his respect. On the afternoon appointed I went to his tepee and he told me his story :

THE VISION OF WHITE THUNDER

"MY Father, you have asked me to tell you about our religion. The religion of our fathers is very old. Our fathers have worshiped the Great Spirit

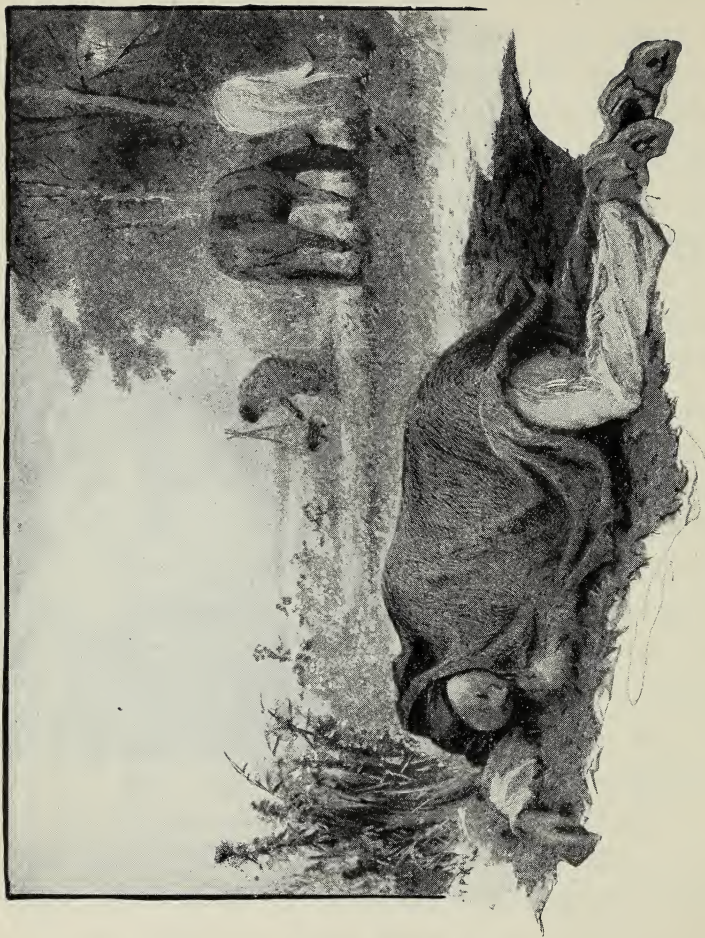
ever since this world was made. They have talked to the Great Spirit and he has guided them in his ways. Our people have no fear of the change which you call death. We know what that change is. Our fathers have always known what it is; therefore, we have no fear. I think I can best explain our religion by telling you the story of my life.

“When I was a young man I loved to go on the chase after buffaloes. I was fond of all kinds of hunting. When I was older I married my wife. Now I have two children and I do not care for the sports of my boyhood days. I often think of what our Holy Men tell



WHITE THUNDER.

us of the Happy Hunting Ground because the day will surely come when we shall all go there. I had often wished to know more about it. One day my wishes were gratified. Now I know about the Happy Hunting Ground and about the change that we call death.



WHITE THUNDER SLEEPING.

“It came about in this way. My people were on the march. The Great Father at Washington had sent word to us that we must move to the Missouri River and that he would give us our food at that place. While we were on our way there our people camped on the banks of the Thunder Creek. That place was about three sleeps distant from the Missouri River. At night I lay down on some buffalo robes to rest. My wife was busy preparing our supper. While I was resting I must have fallen fast asleep. When I awoke I saw two of my people standing near me. They wore white blankets. The white blanket is the sign of the Holy Lodge. These men said to me, ‘Come with us.’ I found that they spoke the language of my people, although they were strangers to me. I quickly sat up on the buffalo robes and they said again, ‘Come with us.’ I supposed that Spotted Tail had sent for me to come to his tepee.

“I told my wife I would go with these men, but would soon return. She did not hear me, so I spoke again. Again she did not hear me, so I arose to go to her. As I did so I had a most curious sensation. My body seemed to be very light. It did not have any weight. I was as light as air. I moved over to my wife and spoke again. But she paid no attention to

me. I could not understand it. It was the first time in my life that she had not heard me when I spoke to her.

"I looked back at the place where I had been sleeping. There I saw another man lying where I had been resting. I went over to him and uncovered his face. Then I was still more surprised. I saw myself as I had been when I first lay down to rest.

"I looked at my hands and my body. They were the same as the hands and body of the man on the robes. I examined the man more thoroughly and found that he was dead. It was my body. How could this thing be? I was as much alive as I had ever been and yet there were two bodies just alike, but the flesh-body was dead. I then realized that I had two bodies, a flesh-body and a spirit-body. My wife could not see my spirit-body. Formerly I had been in that flesh-body all the time. Now I was out of the flesh-body and yet I appeared just the same. I had often heard our Holy Men talk of such things, but I had not understood it as I did then.

"My wife could not hear me talk now that I was outside my natural body. What should I do? She would soon come and try to awaken me. I could see her. She would think that White Thunder was dead.

How could I tell her? While I was thinking about it one of these men who was dressed in white said, 'Come with us to the tepee of the Great Spirit. He has sent for you.' I went with them. They said that they would lead the way to the land of the Great Spirit, the Happy Hunting Ground. They told me that they too once occupied bodies of flesh, just like the one lying there on those skins. They said that each of them at one time had carried about a body of flesh just as I had been doing. But now the body of flesh had gone back to the earth, just as my body would do in time. They told me that they would take me to the land of the Great Spirit and in a little while they would bring me back again to my earth-body. I must go back into it again and live for many winters.

"Taking a last look at my wife and children, I departed from the earth with my guides. As I went through the air I looked far off over the earth. As I looked, I saw many buffaloes, elk, deer, and other animals that had once inhabited that country. My guides told me that whatever the Great Spirit once creates never dies. The Great Spirit had created my spirit-body. It would never die. Some time the body that I had fed on the earth would die and return to dust. They said this was also true of animals. The

Great Spirit gave each a spirit-body in the same shape as the natural body. As the spirit-body grew, the natural body also became larger; and when the time came for the natural body to die, the spirit-body passed out of it, just as I had passed out of my natural body. The spirit-body remained on the earth and the natural body went to decay. They told me that man could destroy the natural body of the animals, but he could not destroy the spirit-body. The spirit-body was the life of the natural body.

“Soon we came to some very high mountains, much higher than any I had ever seen before. The guides said that all the mountains of the earth were once much higher than they now are. Through the eternal ages they had been sinking lower and lower. After a time they would become plains.

“As we went on and on we lost sight of the earth. Before me I saw what looked like a great and shining river. It seemed to extend far up into the sky. I could not see the end of it. The guides said it led to the land of the Great Spirit. All the people that live on the earth and live good lives at last go away on that river. The river has no end, but flows on and on through the sky. There is no end of space; there is no place where it stops. As we went up that river I

saw that the banks were dark and gloomy. I asked the guides why that was. They told me that when we returned to the earth they would take me through those dark places, but not now. First they must take me to the Great Spirit of their people.

“After a time it seemed as though the sun was rising. The banks of the great river were becoming lighter. Soon we approached the shore and saw the tepees of my people, saw friends whom I had formerly loved in the earth-life coming to greet me. I was overjoyed. They welcomed me to the land of the Great Spirit.

“After I had rested with them for a time, I went with the guides to the Great Tepee, the home of the Great Spirit. He welcomed me. He told me that he had sent to the earth for me in order that I might learn the truth about the Spirit Land of the Dakotas. He wanted me to see it and to go back to the earth and tell my brothers what I had seen; tell them to treat all men as brothers, to be kind to those who were in sickness or suffering and then, when the time should come for every one to leave the earth-body, all would be welcome in the land and in the home of the Great Spirit. He said, ‘Now go, my brother, follow your guides and fear no danger.’

“When we went forth the guides showed me many

strange places and conditions. I saw spirits who were happy. I saw those who were in sorrow. I saw those that had been bad men while they were in earth-life, and I saw those that had been murderers. All were suffering for the evil deeds they had done while they were in the flesh-body. I felt very sorry for them. As we went on and on the regions became darker and darker. The guides said that we were passing through the dark places which we had seen along the shining river. After a time we found ourselves back on the earth. The guides took me to the place where my people were camped on the Missouri River. I saw that my wife was sitting beside my body crying. My children were with her calling for their father. As I looked at my flesh-body, wrapped as it was in buffalo skins, I dreaded to go back into it again. Now I did not have that load to carry about. I could move about without any effort. The guides said that I must go back. I seemed to fall asleep.

“When I awoke I found myself again in my body. I looked through my natural eyes. Before, I had looked through the eyes of my spirit-body. I groaned. I was in great pain. My hands and feet felt as though they had been sleeping. I struggled to get free. My wife cut the cords that bound my body and I sat up.

My wife and children cried for joy because I had come back to them. When I arose, I found that I had my heavy body to carry again.

“My brother, I want to tell you of these things. What I have told you is the belief that governs the Dakotas. Our Holy Men have known of these things ever since we were a nation.”

He said that what he had seen was like a dream to him. When he awoke he found that he had been gone from the earth for three sleeps. His wife had taken his body with her to the Missouri River.

The Dakotas were believers in visions and dreams. Many of their acts were inspired by them.

HOW THE GREAT SPIRIT PUNISHES

ONE afternoon I drove out over the prairie toward our sawmill, which was six miles west of the agency buildings. After I had gone about four miles, I decided that I would drive to a place where a “squaw man” was burning some charcoal which I wished to use in our blacksmith shop. A squaw man is a white man who marries an Indian woman. This man had lived among these Indians many years and had an Indian wife and several children.

When I arrived at his tent I found it deserted. Just

then a white man rode up and told me that an Indian had shot the squaw man and that some men had gone with the squaw man to the agency, by a different road from the one by which I had come. So I turned around and started back as fast as I could go. I wanted to know why the white man had been shot.

When I arrived at the agency office I found the squaw man there with an arrow still in his hip. The agency doctor was trying to get it out. I told Chief White Thunder, who happened to be present at the time, to send out some of his men and bring in the Indian who had done the shooting. When the Indians were informed that the white man had been shot a large number of them came to the agency. About ten o'clock that night they came to my office, bringing with them the young man who had done the deed. His father and about three hundred of the band also came with him. They were all armed with rifles and painted for war and their horses also were painted. They brought the young man into my office, about twenty of his people coming in with him.

Upon inquiry, I learned that he was twenty years old. His twin sister had died that morning. He had been so fond of her that he had taken his bow and arrows and, mounting his pony, had started across the

prairie, weeping as he went. In his ride he happened to come near the place where the squaw man was burning charcoal. When he got there he dismounted from his pony and sat down by the tent, still weeping. He had taken some grease and charcoal, rubbed them together, and then rubbed the mixture all over his face and body, that being a sign of mourning among the Indians. The white man knew from the way he acted that his visitor was in mourning. The squaw man made some coffee and gave it to the Indian. Then the Indian arose, mounted his pony, and rode away. After he had departed the white man commenced to cut some wood.

When the Indian had gone a little distance he turned in his saddle and, seeing that the white man was not watching him, he shot an arrow at him, hitting him in the hip. Then he rode away, crying again as he fled. There is an ancient belief among the Indians that when any of their friends die they may go out and find an enemy and kill him so that his spirit-body may go through the dark country that lies between the earth and the land of the Great Spirit, to guard the friend from danger. This young man, overcome with grief, recalled the ancient belief of his people, and he was willing to give his own life if necessary to protect the

spirit of his sister. Therefore he decided to kill this white man so that his spirit might guard the spirit of his sister.

When I was informed of their belief I told Spotted Tail to tell the people that they must punish the young man as they thought best and according to their own laws. I found that the custom of killing an enemy was no longer prevalent, except when they were about to go on the war path. They did not approve the shooting of the white man because at the time he was not an enemy. We talked it over until two o'clock in the morning. Then I told the members of the tribe to go to Spotted Tail's tepee and do as they thought best with the young man. They all stood up and shook hands with me and said the Father was right, that the Great Spirit would punish the young man. Then they said that I must write to the Great Father at Washington and tell him all about it, and that they would do with the young man as the Great Father thought best.

I told them that I wanted the young man to come to see me every day. I wanted to know him better. His father moved his tepee near to that of Spotted Tail, and every morning the young man came to my office and talked with me. Every day he wept for his sister.

One day he did not come. His father came and told me that the young man was ill. He had fallen from his horse. So the father had carried him home to his mother. He believed the Great Spirit was punishing the young Indian for shooting the white man.

After a few days had passed the father came again and said, "The boy is dead. He has gone to be with his sister in the Spirit Land." He wept and said I was a wise man, and that his people all loved me because I had treated the young man kindly and had not put him into the white man's prison. The Indians said that the Great Spirit had called him to be with his sister.

DREAMING OF LIGHTNING

IF an Indian dreams that lightning has struck near him he believes that he must do something to save himself from being struck by another bolt.

The Indians believe, too, that if any one dreams about lightning it is a warning that either he or some of his friends will be struck and killed unless he does something to prevent it. The Indian method of preventing such a disaster was to prepare a big pot of meat, and when the meat was still boiling, to eat a piece of it drawn from the kettle while it was boiling hot. The scalding food burned their mouths very badly, but they thought

that what they had just done would save them from being killed by lightning.

I have heard of things that white people do which are almost as superstitious as the beliefs of the Indians. Some white people say that if thirteen persons sit down to a table to dine one of their number will surely die before that date comes in the following year; or if one dreams of being killed before starting on a journey on the railroad he ought not to go for he will surely be killed. They look upon such dreams as warnings. Superstition is not confined to Indians.

CHAPTER IV

INDIAN FAMILY LIFE

HOW NAMES ARE BESTOWED

IT is the custom among white races to give children names while they are little babies. In these days the Indians generally follow our custom about naming children. But the real Indian custom is different. Let us imagine that we are living in an old-time Indian family, and see what they do. They call a boy the son of his father until he is about twenty years of age. For example, if an Indian's name were Brave Bull, all his sons would be called "Brave Bull's Sons" until the lads were old enough to select such names as they wanted for themselves. A similar practice has been in vogue among some white people. We hear of people who come here from parts of Europe; the father's name perhaps was John or Jacob or Peter and the children are called Johnson or Peterson or Jacobson as the case may be. The Indian custom is the same.

When a young Indian is of age he chooses a name for himself. If he is a very fast runner he likes to be

named after some fleet animal. He will name himself "Swift-running Deer" or "Running Antelope." If he is very strong he likes to be called "Brave Bull." If he is fond of watching the clouds and admires the beautiful



"LITTLE HOLY FLOWER."

things in nature he may call himself "Red Cloud." If he is a swift rider he may want to be named "White Thunder," which means "The White Streak of Lightning that Shoots across the Sky." If a girl is pretty she likes to be called "Little Deer" or "White Fawn" or "Eyes like the Ante-

lope." If she is always laughing she may be called "Laughing Water."

Sometimes the Indians would give the young people nicknames which followed them through life. One time an Indian killed a wild goose and put it in the sack in which he carried his arrows. Soon the young men of his tribe gave him a new name, "Goose Arrow Sack," or,

in the Dakota language, Wosuah-Mahgah-We-Hinkope. Sitting Bull's full name was "The Bull that Sits and Looks." One young man gave his mother-in-law the name of "The Bad Eye." Another young man called his mother-in-law "The Bad Mother." They gave one man the name "Blind Pig," or in their language, Esta-Ko-Ka-Ka-Koosh.

If a chief has a great reputation as a leader he may say to his son, "If you will be a brave and good man I will give you my name and I will take an-



"COME-IN-CAMP."

other." Spotted Tail said to his oldest son one day when the tribe were fighting the Pawnees, "My son, if you prove yourself a brave man and good man to-day and kill a Pawnee I will give you my name."

That night after the battle there was great rejoicing in the camp. The Indian warriors declared that the

boy had slain a Pawnee. So the old chief gave his son his own name and told his people that hereafter the boy should be called Spotted Tail and that he himself would take the name "Bare Legs." The Indians so loved the old chief that they did not call him Bare Legs. They preferred to call the young man Spotted Tail, Jr.

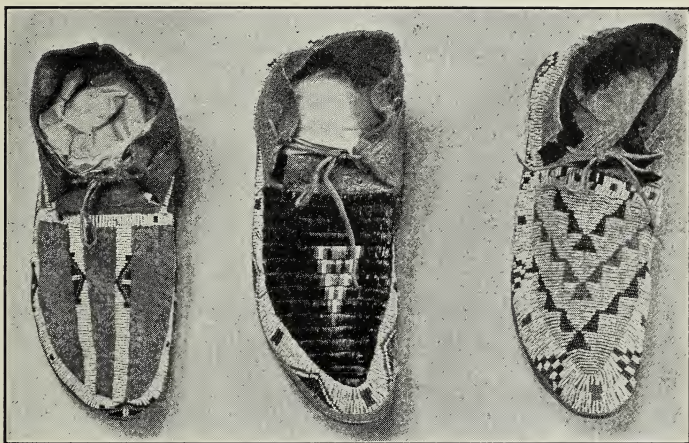
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

ONE day when I was sitting in my office looking out of the window, I saw a young Indian come out of his tepee and walk slowly across the prairie. He was dressed in his best, he wore an eagle feather in his hair, and his face was painted red. As he advanced, I noticed that he covered all his face except one eye. He stopped occasionally and looked about him. I thought by his actions that he was expecting some one to come to walk with him.

Soon I saw a very pretty Indian girl come out of another tepee and walk toward the young man. She was dressed in a suit made of antelope skins. The suit was trimmed with the eyeteeth of elks, and there were at least a hundred of these on her dress. The garment came to her knees, and she wore beaded leggings and beaded moccasins. Her hair was hanging in two heavy braids down her back and her face was painted as

Indian girls liked to have it. On each cheek was a bright red spot about the size of a silver dollar. The parting of her hair also was painted in bright red. In her ears were two pairs of earrings about fifteen inches long, made of small shells.

Indian girls would take a knife and cut holes in the top and bottom of each ear for these ornaments. The



BEADED MOCCASINS.

earrings were made of shells strung upon buckskin strings. The strings were then tied into the top and bottom of each ear. They were so long that sometimes they hung down to the girl's waist.

This Indian girl to whom I have just referred walked to the place where the young man was standing. As

she came up to him he raised his blanket and threw it over her head. They stood there for about a half hour, and then she threw the blanket off and went back to her tepee and he also returned to his. It is in this way that young people among the Indians often do their talking before they are married.

About a week after this occurrence the interpreter came into my office and told me there was to be a wedding at one of the camps that afternoon and word had been sent him to invite my wife and myself to be present.

The Indians had different wedding ceremonies, some not at all like the one we witnessed, but I am going to tell about the one we saw that day.

In the afternoon we went to the tepee where the ceremony was to take place. As we came near the door of the lodge we saw two Indian women preparing the wedding dinner. They had just killed a big dog. He was as large as a Newfoundland dog. They had a roaring fire and were rolling the dog in the fire to burn off the hair. They liked the skin of a dog as well as white people like the skin of a hen or a goose. We did not stop to see how they prepared the meat.

We entered the tepee, where we found about forty Indians present — men, women, and a few children.

When we came they were singing. In the center of the tepee was an Indian beating a tum-tum, keeping time to the song. A tum-tum is an Indian drum. We took seats in the midst of the assembly, sitting on the ground.

After the song was finished the young man whom I had seen talking to the girl a few days before stood up and told the people that he took this girl to be his wife and that he would hunt for her and supply the tepee with meat. He then said that he would be a good husband.

After he had made these promises he stepped forward to the place where the drummer was seated and kicked the drum with his toe. I did not at the time understand the meaning of "kicking the drum." The interpreter explained it to me. He said: "When white people have weddings they have a minister present who has a piece of paper which is signed by the man and woman who are married. When Indians marry they do not have any minister. They just tell the people what they will do, then they kick the drum, and that means the same as when white people sign a paper."

When the young man had taken his seat the girl arose and made her speech. She said that she would be a good wife and that she would get all the wood and

water and would cook the food. In fact, she would do all the work about the camp and would not allow her husband to do any of it. After that, she too went



"KICKING THE DRUM" IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

and kicked the drum and then seated herself beside her husband.

After the marriage service was ended all stood up in a circle and danced. The dance consisted in jumping up and down and moving around in a circle. This was continued until the feast was announced. Then

all seated themselves in a circle. The women brought in the food, which consisted of dog soup served in tin cups. My wife and I were not very hungry, so we excused ourselves, telling them that we would leave the interpreter there and they were to give him our part of the dinner. After my former experience with the old chief, Crazy Horse, I knew what to do in order to continue to be friends with the tribe.

Although the Dakota Indians had a simple form of marriage ceremony, they respected the marriage vow.

WHY A WARRIOR HAD TWO OR MORE WIVES

I FOUND that very few of the Dakotas had more than one wife. Whenever there was more than one, the additional wives were generally younger sisters of the first wife. It was a rule of their people that if an Indian married the oldest sister in a family and later wanted another wife he had to obtain the consent of the first before others were added. The first wife often wanted her sisters to live near her and so she would consent to her younger sisters also marrying her husband.

Spotted Tail had five wives; four of them were sisters and the youngest was their first cousin. Each wife had a tepee for herself and the chief had one for himself. The first wife drew all the rations for the family

and was the first to entertain company. The children were all treated as members of one family. It is said that the chief lived very happily with his large household.



SPOTTED TAIL'S FIRST WIFE.

Once while I was there we were short of sugar and coffee. I told the clerk to give half rations until I could have more hauled from the river. When Spotted Tail's first wife found that she could not have full rations she went to the chief and told him that she must have the full amount, and he went to the clerk to consult with him about it. When he understood the cause of the shortage, he asked the clerk to give his family the same ra-

tions that others were receiving. Spotted Tail's wife was angry, however, and told him before the other women that he was no man. That remark offended him,

and he slapped her upon the face; and she went away weeping. That was the only instance of that nature that was ever known to me. He was very sorry afterward and gave her a fine present to make her heart glad.

I built a house for the chief that cost the government eight thousand dollars — a large, two-story frame building. The house contained six large rooms and a big double parlor for the chief. After the building had been partitioned into rooms I took him there to see how he liked it. He counted the rooms on his fingers and then said, laughingly: "I have to have one more wife. I got five wives, six rooms. No wife for that room. I have to hunt up one more wife." He was a man that loved a joke. But he never "hunted up" any more wives.



INDIAN SQUAWS.

There was a young chief at the agency who had a very pretty young wife. He thought he ought to have another one too. One day he started for a village about fifty miles distant in which he knew an Indian girl whom he thought he would like to have. He did not say anything to his wife about it. After he had been gone about a half hour she came into my office in great haste. She had a big knife in her belt. She was informed which trail her husband had taken. She started in pursuit of him with her pony and overtook him about five miles from the agency. Riding up to his side and drawing her knife, she told him to go back to his home or she would cut his heart out.

He was a big, good-natured fellow, so he laughed and came back with her. A few days later he came into my office and told those who were there all about it. He said he did not want any more wives. One was enough for him.

INDIAN DIVORCES

THE first divorce of which I knew among my people was announced when the Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, came to visit the agency. About two hundred young warriors had assembled to give an exhibition of their dancing. They were to give the Fox Band Dance. When they had gathered around the

platform which we had erected for the Secretary one of the Indians arose and said that his wife had gone off to live with her people about one hundred miles away. He called it "three days' ride with a pony." He told the Indians that he had thrown her away and that anybody might have her. He did not want her any more. Every one seemed to be satisfied with his statement and the matter was looked upon as settled.

WHY INDIAN MEN DID NOT WORK

IT is often said that Indians are lazy and will not work and that they compel the women to do all the work.

In justice to the Dakotas I must explain that it was not Indian custom for men to do any work about the camp. I can best do this by relating some incidents that occurred while I was stationed among them.

Our agency was located, as I have said, one hundred and two miles west of the Missouri River. We wanted the Indians to haul the supplies for the tribe and not to pay their money to white men for doing it. To every Indian who would take his ponies and haul freight we gave a wagon and four harnesses. I provided them with one hundred wagons and four hundred harnesses.

One morning about six o'clock I went out to the ware-

house where I found a young Indian with his load of flour. He had just come from the river. He had been gone about ten days and had camped the preceding night about five miles from the agency. He got up early and drove to the agency so that he might go home



AN INDIAN WOMAN AT WORK ON A SKIN.

and have breakfast with his family. He requested me to check off his load. I consented and told the clerk of the warehouse to open the door and let him drive in. It was the rule that the driver was to get upon his wagon and pass his load over the side to the clerk.

This young Indian did not do that, but instead went to the heads of his horses and held them. I told him to get up on the wagon and hand off the twenty-two sacks of flour. He pretended not to hear me. So I told the clerk to tell him, because he spoke the language of the Dakotas better than I did. But he did not pay any attention to what the clerk said. I knew then that there must be something wrong, and as he was a very quiet young man, I asked the clerk why the young Indian did not obey orders. He explained that it was because three young Indian women were sitting in the warehouse door.

I told the clerk to close the door and drive the girls away. As soon as this was done the young man jumped upon the load, and soon had the wagon unloaded. The girls would certainly have laughed at him for unloading if they had seen him, and would have taunted him for doing a woman's work. An Indian cannot endure ridicule.

Another instance that I recall shows why the men did not do work about the camp. There was a young chief who had two wives who were sisters. This young chief wanted to build a house for himself so that he might live like a white man. I provided him with lumber and material for his building, and the agency

carpenter showed him how to build it. His wives built a room about ten feet by twelve with a door and window in it.

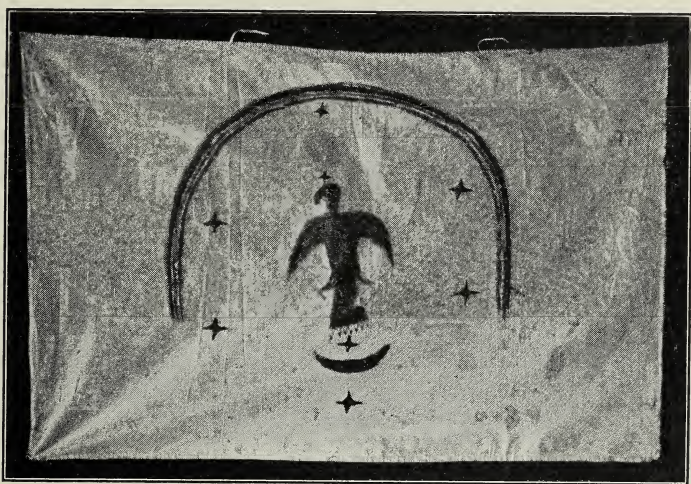
When the house was completed they built a fire on the ground. They did not want any floor. The smoke was so thick that it drove them out of the building, and they said the white man's house was not good, it was not as good as a tepee. Some of the Indians advised the young chief to go to the Father and get a stove in which to make the fire. Then he would not have any more smoke to trouble him.

The young Indian came to my office and asked me for a stove. I had some small sheet-iron stoves and I gave him one. I thought I would make him carry it home if he accepted it. I wrote across the order to the clerk in the warehouse, "Tell the chief that he must carry the stove and pipe home with him if he wants them."

When the Indian heard that he must carry the stove he did not want it. If he had been seen carrying the stove he would have been laughed at by all the women in the camp. He would rather be cold.

Ten days passed and the young Indian came in again to ask for a stove. I gave him an order in the same form that I had used before and watched him when he

came out of the warehouse. He wore a large blue blanket at least seven feet square. I saw that he had something under each arm and that his burden was covered by the blanket. He walked across the parade ground. No one would have thought from his appearance that he had a stove under his blanket. When



A SIOUX BLANKET.

he had gone as far as the trader's store, I saw his two wives dart out, take the stove and pipe from beneath his blanket, and run on ahead to their home. The trick was played so cleverly that I did not find any fault with him. Had the women of the tribe been told that a young chief had done such a thing as carry a

stove, he would have been the laughing stock of the camp. It was the fault of the women that the men did not do any work. Mothers would not allow their sons to do any of it. The girls were taught that camp work was their task and not that of the men, who were trained to be hunters. When the men were hunting or at war with another tribe they were not lazy. Our soldiers found them quite active.

INDIANS PREFER TO OWN THINGS IN COMMON

THE Dakotas wished to own everything in common. They believed that people should be neither rich nor poor. They could not understand why some of the white men had plenty to eat and plenty of clothes to wear and horses to ride, while others had to go hungry and cold. Among the Dakotas if one had plenty he shared it with the others as long as it lasted. If one of their number was ill or was hurt so that he could not go with the hunters the others provided food for him and his family. They believed that the Great Spirit held everything in common and that he cared for all alike.

If a child was left homeless the Indians would strive with one another to care for it. They had no orphan asylums or poor houses.

This community feeling was one of the chief causes of the difficulty our government has had in getting the Indians to consent to have their land divided into small tracts. They wanted to continue to hold everything in common, as they had been taught that this is the right way.



CHAPTER V

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS

INDIAN boys and girls are much like pale-faced boys and girls in their love for stories. When I lived among the Dakotas, they had no books to read and they could not have read them anyway, for they had never gone to school.



INDIAN CHILDREN.

There were among the Indians old men who did little but tell stories to the other Indians. When the story-teller came the Indians would assemble in a tepee where they would sit quietly all day and listen to him. These old men told stories of their wars and their buffalo hunts ; of the big buf-

falo that charged and tried to kill the hunter's horse and

perhaps caught the horse on his horns, pitching horse and rider over his head. Sometimes the Indian jumped upon the back of a big buffalo and rode him. That story would make all the other Indians laugh. Occasionally the buffalo ran toward the big herd, and the Indian boy had to jump off or he would have been killed by the other buffaloes.

PETS AND SPORTS

SOMETIMES those Indian boys would catch a little buffalo calf and tame it. A little buffalo could be tamed as easily as a pony. Then, too, the Indian boys would catch young antelopes and tame them. The tame antelopes would run about in the Indian camp just like dogs. Frequently the boys went out to the mountains with their fathers to kill bears. Once in a while they caught bear cubs, which the Indians called Mato-Ches-Chelah (Little Bear). The Indian boys took these little bears home with them. Bear cubs like honey and all kinds of nuts — acorns, hickory nuts, and walnuts. The Indian boys fed them until the bears became very tame.

Occasionally the Indians captured a big bear. If they wounded the bear with an arrow and did not kill him he would turn and try to kill the hunter. A bear

can run very fast, and when pursued by one the Indian would climb a small tree to get out of its way. If he climbed a big tree the bear would climb up too, because bears sometimes live in big trees.

The Indians thought that animals have a language of their own and are able to talk. They said that the mother buffalo could call her calf and that the calf could

answer its mother. They believed that if a dog had a mouth like a parrot's he could tell a great many stories.

The Dakota Indians were very fond of their horses. Almost every Indian had one or more. As soon as a boy was big enough to ride a pony his father gave him



SIoux INDIAN BOYS WITH THEIR BOWS
AND ARROWS.

one. The boys used to take their bows and arrows and practice shooting game from the pony's back. I have seen them lie on the pony's side and shoot arrows from under his neck while the pony was running.

Indian boys have several good games. One of them is played with a ball. After they have chosen sides each player selects a stick about four feet in length, preferably one that has a crook in the end. The players go out to a big field, set up two stakes, and see who can keep the ball on the opposite side the longer. The game is somewhat like the game which our boys call "shinny."

Sometimes the boys throw cartridges. If five boys are throwing, one will throw a cartridge about thirty feet. The others throw, and the one whose cartridge comes nearest the first one takes all five. The winner must throw first the next time.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

IN the year 1879 Congress granted money for the establishment of an Indian training school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Captain Pratt of the regular army was detailed to take charge of the school. He was a man who sympathized deeply with the Indians.

I was in Washington when he received the first appropriation for the school. I told him that if he would come out to my agency, I would secure for him some Indian boys and girls with whom he might begin his new work. He came out in a short time. I called

our Indians together and told them that the Great Father at Washington had established a school at Carlisle where he wished to educate their children; that he wanted them to learn to read and write as the white boys and girls were doing.

The Indians went back to their homes, but no children came in response to my request. The Indians could not understand of what use it would be for their



A CLASS AT WORK IN THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

children to learn to read in books. They never had had books, and they had always lived happily until the white man came into their country. Before long I discovered that the Indians were suspicious of a school established by a white man and were not willing to send their children to it.

Every effort was made to overcome their fears, but the Indians had been deceived so often by the white men that they would not trust them.

At first I almost gave up the hope of securing any children for Captain Pratt to take back with him to his school. Finally I called the chiefs and head warriors to my home and told them I would become per-



THE GIRLS' QUARTERS AT THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.

sonally responsible for their sons and daughters and would see that the children were safely returned if they would trust them to Captain Pratt. I told them that my children were at the agency and that there was another white child in the place, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bovee. If the Indian children should

be injured in any way the tribe might take mine and do the same with them. I assured them that their children would be treated kindly and that some of the chiefs might soon go to the school and report to the tribe on Captain Pratt's treatment of their sons and daughters.

At last Chief Spotted Tail said I might have his youngest son, a little fellow about nine years old. Then White Thunder said that his might go. White Thunder's son was fifteen years old. Soon afterwards others offered to send some of their children. When the people were informed that the chiefs would intrust their children to us, they were willing to let their children go also. It was not long before I had eighty-four boys and girls ready to start.

Among the boys brought in to be examined was a white child. When he came to my office, he was as shy as an Indian. I could see from this lad's long brown hair and his blue eyes that he was a white boy. I found out later that the Indians had attacked a train of emigrants at a time when they were at war with our nation and had killed all the people in the train except this boy, who was a baby then. One of the Indian women wanted him for her own, so the Indians gave her the baby and she reared him. The boy was at

this time about fifteen years of age. He was a strong and healthy lad, and we decided to send him to the school with the others.

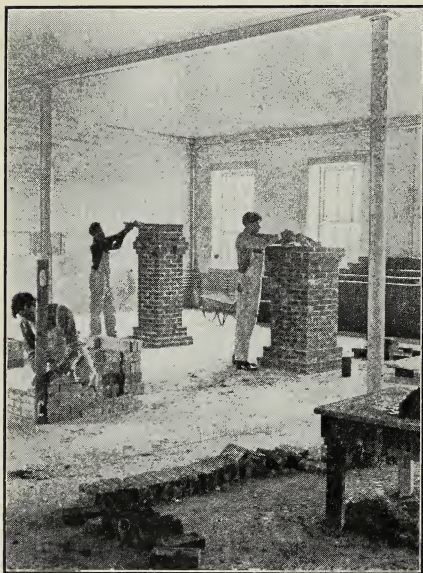
When the day of the departure arrived, about thrée thousand Indians came to the agency to see the children. The Indian mothers and fathers were very unhappy over the parting, for they were afraid that they would never see their children again. We provided wagons in which the boys and girls were to ride as far as the Missouri River. To show that "their hearts were glad," as they say, and that they were not angry at the Great Father for sending for their children, the members of the tribe gave away many presents — ponies, blankets, whole bolts of red calico, knives, money, anything they chanced to have with them.

The teams started for the Missouri River, and many of the Indian mothers followed their children all the way to the river, one hundred miles, weeping as they went. Even after the boys and girls were on board the steamer, the mothers followed along the banks, crying and wringing their hands. The Indians are devotedly attached to their children.

After a few months had elapsed, we sent some of the Indians to visit the school at Carlisle. They came back and reported that the children were well cared for.

RESULTS OF EDUCATING THE INDIANS

I HAVE watched the results of educating Indian boys and girls with much interest. About five years after I sent the first band of children to the Carlisle School, I had occasion to go to Philadelphia. I



LEARNING MASONRY AT THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.

visited a school in the city where there were some of the Indian girls whom I had sent out five years before. By this time they had grown to be young women. They were dressed like white girls, used correct English, and could read and write well. They had learned to do housework and were very cleanly. Some of them were working in the

homes of the Quakers of Philadelphia, while others were out in the country. They seemed to enjoy the change from living in an Indian tepee on the plains of Dakota.

I went into one of the big department stores in the

city of Philadelphia. As I was passing through the packing department in the basement two young men stepped up to me and said, "Good morning, Major Newell." I could not remember ever having seen them before, but one of them informed me that he was



LEARNING TINSMITHING AT THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.

Brave Bull's son whom I had sent to the Carlisle School five years before.

I could not understand how such a change as I saw in him could come to any person in so short a time. When he went to the school from the agency he was wrapped in a blanket and wore buckskin leggings and had a breechclout around his hips. He wore a buck-

skin shirt and a feather in his hair. His face was painted red and he looked like a savage in every particular. Now he was dressed in a good suit of clothing and his hair was short; whereas when he first went to the school his hair was in two heavy braids, and on the back of his head was a long scalp lock.

He spoke good English. He had learned how to keep books and had been well educated. All this had been accomplished in the short period of five years. I never before realized so clearly the benefits of a good education.

I am often asked, "Do the Indian boys and girls go back to their former habits of life when they return to live with their parents and friends?" I answer, "Sometimes they do and sometimes they do not." Indian boys are not all alike, nor are white boys. Some Indian boys realize that the white man's ways are best, but others think that the ways of their fathers are still good.

CHAPTER VI

THE INDIAN DANCES

THE GHOST DANCE

THERE is no Indian dance or other performance that has been written or talked about so much as the Ghost Dance. White people have received their impressions from the accounts of it which have appeared in the newspapers. Too often the papers have described it in a way to work up a feeling against the Indians.

The newspapers describe it as the most revolting of all the performances of the Indians. They have pictured it as a frenzy into which the poor red men worked themselves, and state that while they were in that delirious condition, they were liable to break out and murder every white person within their reach.

The Ghost Dance of the Dakotas in some respects was not very unlike the religious meetings held by the negroes in this country. What the Indians did at the time of the Ghost Dance was to assemble in camp for religious purposes. They brought food for themselves and for their horses and dogs. They had their Holy

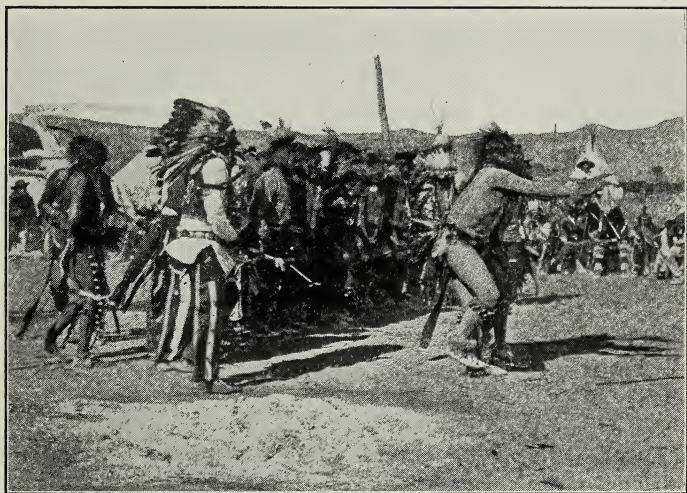
Men, or prophets, who were supposed to be inspired to speak when the "spirit moved them."

I want our boys and girls to know that the actions of the Sioux Indians in their Ghost Dance were not brutal and were prompted by religious feeling which even the white man can understand. But instead of describing those ceremonial dances in detail, with all their complicated rites and customs, I am going to tell you some incidents connected with dances that I saw given by the Indians of my agency. Then if you want to know more about the different dances you can find in the libraries books that give complete accounts of them all. As different tribes varied these dances to suit themselves, all accounts of them do not agree. So you must not be surprised if some books contradict each other. What I want most to do here is to tell you what those dances meant to the Indians whom I saw taking part in them.

THE SCALP DANCE

THE Indians always kept their scalp locks braided so that if an enemy killed them the scalp lock would be ready to be cut off and taken. They expected their enemies also to keep their scalp locks in the same condition if they were brave men.

When the Indians returned with a war party to their homes a warrior usually rode ahead to notify the friends at home that the war party was returning. Many of the mothers, fathers, and the young people would run out upon the trail to welcome the returning warriors



THE SCALP DANCE.

and to find out if any of their friends had been killed in the battle.

One of the first things which the welcoming party did was to see if the braves had any scalps tied to the bridles of their horses. These trophies were usually kept there until the warriors went back to their camps.

After the warriors were safe in the camp and had had a good feast, they would tie the scalps which they had taken to a long stick. Then all the people would assemble to listen to the story of the battle with the enemy.

Presently an Indian with a scalp hanging to a pole would step into the center of the large circle, and tell his story in this way : —

“My brothers and my friends, this scalp I took from the head of one of our enemies, the Pawnees. I first shot him with an arrow, then I charged upon him and struck him with my war club, then I dismounted and cut off his scalp. Here it is.” Then he would swing his trophy in the air while those who were present shouted, “Good ! Very good !” The drums would beat and all would form a circle and join in the dance which followed.

After that another one of the warriors would advance into the ring and tell how he had taken his scalp. This celebration was continued until every warrior had told about his battle with the enemy, and the story of the entire expedition had been related. This is one of the ways by which the Indians kept their history. These stories were told by father to son, and so every deed of bravery in the tribe was known by succeeding generations. Indian boys are very fond of hearing about the brave deeds of their ancestors.

THE BEAR DANCE

IF an Indian dreamt of seeing a bear the tribe usually had a Bear Dance. The Indian who had the dream obtained a big bearskin and put it around him, so that he would look like a bear. Then he got down on all fours to walk and went out among the tepees, which were generally built in a circle. As soon as any of the Indian boys or girls saw the bear, they ran and shouted, "Bear ! Bear ! Bear ! Bear !" Everybody in the camp ran to get out of his way. According to their rules, the bear must go on all fours so that the boys and girls and women could escape. If he caught them, he bit them.

The bear went all around the camp, sometimes keeping the boys and girls watching all day. It afforded them great amusement. Some of the boys might chase the bear with their ponies. Then the bear ran away from them. If the boys set their dogs on him, the bear drew his knife and killed the dogs.

There were other forms of the Bear Dance which were very different from this simple one ; but as it is the one I saw, I give it here.

Of all the dances practiced by the Indians, probably the most important was the Sun Dance. I was fortunate in being present at several of these dances.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE SUN DANCE

SEVERAL days before the time appointed for the Sun Dance a committee was sent out into the cañons to find a suitable tree. For the event which I am about to describe they selected an elm that was about twelve inches in diameter at the base, and had a trunk



INDIANS IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME.

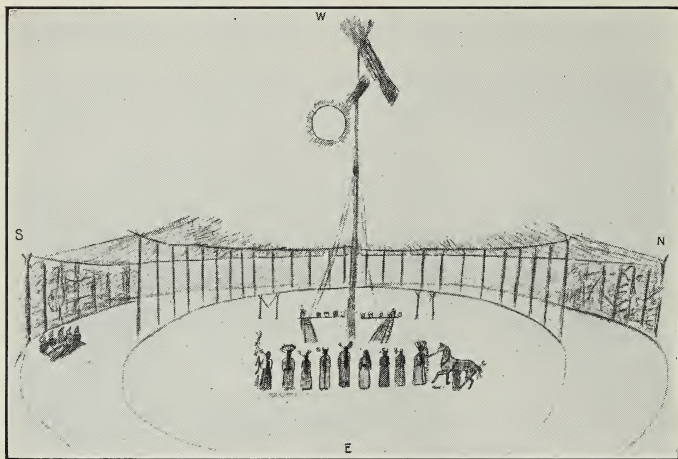
on which the branches were growing thirty feet above the ground.

Next a place was prepared for the tree. The place selected on this occasion was in the center of the large

circle of tepees, about half a mile away from the nearest lodge. Then came the cutting of the tree. Thousands of men, women, and children assembled for this part of the ceremony. They were all dressed in their best, feathers and bright colors predominating. Almost all had their ponies with them and the ponies also were painted in bright colors. An Indian girl about twenty years of age was chosen to cut the tree. She was dressed in a beautiful suit of antelope skin and her hair hung in heavy braids from each side of her head. One thing that I noted especially was that two pairs of earrings were in each ear and that each ring was at least a foot in length. They were made of shells and were strung on buckskin strings. One pair was tied in a hole in the top of the ear and the other through a hole in the lower lobe. As she struck the tree with her ax the earrings swung around so that they were in her way. One of her girl friends came up and untied them, and she went on with her work.

In about fifteen minutes the tree came down with a crash and a great shout went up from thousands of throats. As soon as quiet was restored a wagon and several spans of horses were brought to haul the tree out of the cañon. First the men cut off most of the limbs. The wagon was then taken apart and made

longer. Next about one hundred of the strongest young men assembled around the tree and lifted it upon the wagon. When all was ready the horses were hitched to the wagon and with every one pushing, it



AN INDIAN DRAWING OF THE SUN DANCE.
Showing the tree and the circle of poles.

was hauled up the hill to level ground. There it stopped.

The Indians were at this time about three miles from the place where they wished to set the tree, but the most important part of the ceremony was to take place here. The ground over which the tree had to pass must be sanctified. The evil spirits of the air

must be driven away. Thousands of people, men, women, and children, mounted their ponies in a line stretching away farther than I could see.

Each one had something to use in making a noise. Some had guns and others had drums; some had gourds containing stones, while others had horns which they blew.

When everything was ready all charged across the plain, yelling and shooting and making a great noise. Sometimes they line up in two bodies and charge down on each other, but this time they all rushed across the plain together. They said that noise would frighten away the evil spirits from the ground they were passing over and that nothing unholy must remain where the sacred tree was.

The Indians in charge of the tree followed the crowd. When the surging mass had passed across the vast plain they all retired to their homes. Frequently the tree is planted just as the sun goes down; but on this occasion it was left for the night in the center of the plain.

On the following morning the people again gathered in a great circle to see the tree placed in an upright position. A hole about four feet deep was dug in the ground, and with lariat ropes and much hard work, the holy tree was set up. I noticed that they had

tied a bundle of grass and other herbs to the top limb. Then the Indians placed a circle of poles and tent cloth about two hundred feet in diameter around the tree. Those who were to take part in the Sun Dance were to occupy this enclosure, the poles and tent cloths forming a shelter from the sun.

In the morning the dancers appeared. They were those who were to make blood offerings. The women were dressed in their ordinary clothing, but the men had shawls or blankets fastened around their hips. The men, standing in line in groups of three or four, were looking toward the sun. Each one had a small whistle made from the bone of a bird. A little feather fluttered from each whistle.

One of the Holy Men conducted the ceremony. He called one of the men to the tree to perform his part of the blood offering. Then the dance was continued, until all the men and women who had made vows the preceding year had made the proper offering.

The other people of the great assembly were gathered in groups, many giving presents to friends, others feasting and having a good time ; some young men were racing horses, and others were running foot races. All kinds of sports and amusements were to be seen. But I saw nothing there as cruel as I have witnessed at foot-

ball games played by our young men, for at such games I have known bones to be broken and the players injured for life.

After spending about two weeks in the camp in visiting and amusements, all departed for their homes, looking forward with much pleasure to the time when they would meet again.

THE MEANING OF THE SUN DANCE

THE Sun Dance among the Dakotas is one of which few people have any true conception. I wish the boys and girls in our schools to understand what it was. There has been so much prejudice against the Indians in the past because of this Sun Dance that it is best that the truth should be known.

Ever since they have had a place in history, even in their own history, which dates back for many, many years, the Dakota Indians have held an annual gathering of their people. At such a time, they came from far and near. They pitched their tepees in one large circle, and several thousand warriors, with their women, children, ponies, and dogs, assembled. It was a reunion of families and friends. They gathered to talk over old times, and hear the news from all parts of their territory. They had no newspapers to give them such

reports, so their only way of obtaining information was to come together and talk. These meetings always occurred at the time of the seventh full moon of the year. They calculated time by the moon, counting thirteen moons to a year.

There is no way by which I can better show the purpose of the Sun Dance than by telling about another celebration that I witnessed while I was at the agency.



INDIANS ASSEMBLED FOR A DANCE.

The field selected by the Indians was an open place on the prairie, nearly one mile in diameter. This field was quite level, but was surrounded by a range of hills. On one side were cañons and gulches and a stream of water, making the spot an ideal camping place.

Long lines of Indians came marching in from all quarters of their country. They were met on their

arrival by those that had preceded them, and a general handshaking took place when old friends of a lifetime met.

After all the people had been welcomed to this great "camp meeting," they prepared to transact their yearly business. Part of this business was to make offerings to the Great Spirit for the favors they had received during the past year. I will relate several instances, so that you can better understand their ways.

If a man had been lost on the prairie in a blinding snowstorm, and had almost given up hope of ever seeing his wife and children again, he would pray to the Great Spirit to guide his footsteps so that he could once more be with those whom he loved. Should he, perchance, then find his way home, he believed that the Great Spirit had guided him. He would then and there resolve to make a blood offering to the Great Spirit at the next annual gathering of his people.

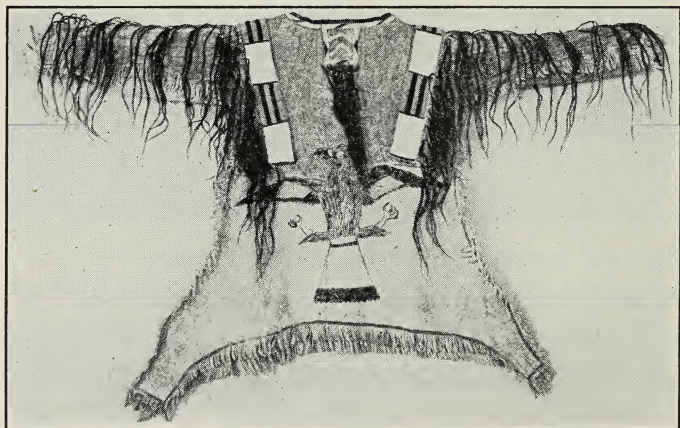
Should a mother have a very sick child, she would pray to the Great Spirit to save him. If the child was restored to health, she felt that her prayer had been answered, and she too would promise to make a blood offering to the Great Spirit.

If the people were hungry, or short of food, before starting on the hunt, they prayed to the Great Spirit

to make their work successful so that their children might have plenty of meat. If everything went well, they likewise resolved to make an offering.

Such reasons, and many other similar ones, were given to me for making blood offerings.

The form of the blood offering varied greatly and in later times became very barbarous. The usual form was to make deep cuts in the flesh, generally on the chest, shoulders, or back. In every case the incision must be deep enough to draw blood.



A WAR SHIRT TRIMMED WITH THE HAIR OF ENEMIES SLAIN IN BATTLE.

CHAPTER VII

THE INDIAN ON THE WAR PATH

WHY THE INDIANS PAINTED THEMSELVES

I HAVE often been asked why the Indians painted their bodies.

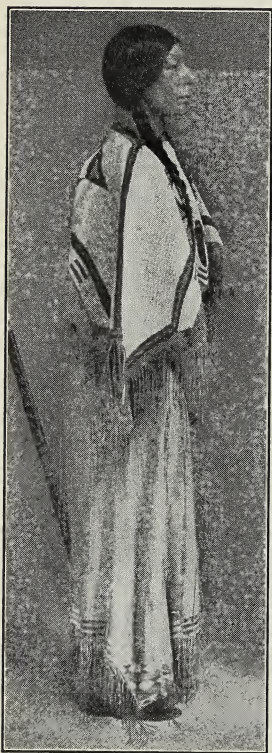
From early infancy the Indian men wore little clothing except the breechcloth. The girls and women always wore dresses that came down nearly to their feet.

The men and boys accustomed themselves to all kinds of rough and cold weather. They rubbed a little oil over their bodies to keep the dampness out, and they mixed paint with the oil because it was a protection against the cold, and they thought that it improved their appearance.

If they were in mourning or going on the war path they mixed charcoal with the oil. But if they were about to make a friendly visit they mixed the oil with red paint. Sometimes they used paints of other colors and put the mixture on different parts of their bodies.

The Dakotas said that white men wore "plenty of clothing" because they were ashamed of their bodies ;

that they wished to cover up their little arms and legs and to prevent the arrows from striking them.



AN INDIAN WOMAN'S DRESS.

The Indians were as proud of their bodies as our white boys are when they are dressed in their running suits. They trained themselves until every muscle stood out strongly.

One day a party of white men and women visited the agency. It was in the winter. The snow was flying through the air and piling up wherever it could find a place to lodge. The thermometer registered zero. I was standing with the visitors behind the trading store, where we were sheltered from the storm, when one of our Indians, whose name was Black Crow, came to the place where we were standing. He had on moccasins and buckskin leggings, but the upper part of his body was bare except for his blanket, which was flying in the wind. The snow was striking against his unprotected chest.

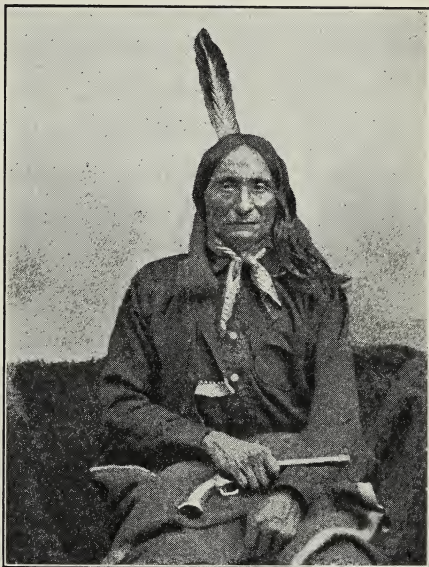
Pointing to his exposed body, one of the visitors said to the Indian, "Are you cold?"

He understood what she meant and replied, "No, I am not cold." He then pointed to the lady's face and inquired if her face was cold.

"No," she said; "it is tough, it can stand the cold."

Black Crow replied quickly, "Me face all over."

The Indians rode in the storms all day hunting buffaloes and thought nothing of exposing themselves in the most severe weather. They hardened their flesh by means of paint and exposure.



BLACK CROW.

THE MEANING OF THE VARIOUS PAINTS

IN a former chapter I told you that black paint signified mourning. When Indians went on the war path they painted themselves black because it was expected

that some one would die. Sometimes they cut off the hair on one side of the head as a sign of mourning. Whenever we met an Indian in mourning we gave him the whole of the trail. We never expected him to turn out for us. If he was forced to turn out at such a time he had a right, according to Indian customs, to kill the one that caused him to leave the path. An Indian acquainted with Indian customs always allowed the mourner to keep the trail, just as we usually give a funeral procession the right of way.

Indians often painted their faces red as a sign that they were Shonta-Washtalo (their hearts were glad). They sometimes mixed other colors with red as we mix colors in the clothing we wear. Paint was used by them to represent many different things.

CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL'S SPEECH

THE Indian Commissioner came to the agency one time to visit the Indians. While he was there he asked to have the Indians brought together so that he might make a speech to them. In speaking to the Indians an interpreter was employed who repeated to them what the white man said and in turn told the white man what the Indians said.

The Commissioner told the Indians that he intended

to send them wagons and harnesses for their horses and many other fine things, so that they could learn to manage farms and to raise wheat, corn, pumpkins, and other farm products as white men do. Finally he told them that there was one thing he did not like. He did not like to see them with their faces painted. Only savages and barbarians ever painted themselves. Savages painted because they did not want the people to see their hideous faces. He hoped the Indians would not paint any more.

Spotted Tail, who was requested to reply to the Commissioner, slowly arose at the conclusion of the speech. "My Father," he said, "we are all very glad to hear the words of the secretary of the Great Father at Washington. We are glad that the Great Father remembers his children and is going to send them blankets and meat so that their children will not cry for food. We are glad to hear these words.

"The Great Father's secretary says that only savages and heathen paint themselves and they do that to conceal their ugly faces.

"I was once in Washington. The Great Father invited me to attend a great dance (Inauguration Ball). I saw the Great Father walk into the dance room. He had his wife with him. I saw a great many of the

white men of Washington come into the dance room with their wives. I noticed that their wives did not have any blankets over their shoulders. My Indian women do not dress like that.

"I noticed, too, that some of the women had their faces painted, and many had feathers in their hair. The Great Father's secretary says that only savages and heathen paint their bodies and they do that because they are ashamed of their ugly faces.

"I hope the Great Father will allow our traders to sell my people paint. We have used it to make our skins smooth and to protect us so that we shall not take cold." Then the old chief sat down.

THE GREAT SIOUX WAR AND HOW IT STARTED

WHAT is known as the Great Sioux War commenced in 1852 and lasted until 1868. Like many other great things, it had a very small beginning, and this was the way sixteen years of fighting started.

Black Bear, known among the Indians as Mato-Sapa (*Motto-Soppah*), was the chief of all the Dakotas at the time of the trouble about which I am to tell you. He had been told that if he would bring his people down to camp along the Laramie River, the Great Father at Washington would send them many

presents. Our government had been doing that for several years.

THE DEATH OF CHIEF BLACK BEAR

WHILE the Indians were camping there a wagon train of white people on their way to Salt Lake City passed near Black Bear's village. A few hours after the train had departed two of the men who belonged to the train came by leading an old cow. The cow was so foot-sore and tired from her long journey that she lay down and, in spite of kicks and clubbing, could go



AN INDIAN SHIELD.

no farther. Finally the two men took the rope from the horns of the cow and left her lying on the ground.

When the men were about to depart three little Indian boys came by. One of the white men motioned to the boys to kill the cow and eat the meat, and the

two men departed to join their people at Fort Laramie. The Indian boys told their parents what the white men had said by their sign language, and the men of the tribe went out and killed the cow. The people had a feast of the meat.

The following morning the Indians saw a company of soldiers coming toward their camp from the fort, which was six miles away. When the soldiers were opposite the Indian camp they halted and sent for Chief Black Bear to come to them. The old Indian who told me the story, whose name was "The Elk that Stands and Looks," went with the chief. As they approached they saw that the soldiers had brought with them a little cannon and an ambulance for carrying wounded soldiers. The chief noticed also that the lieutenant in command had been drinking "fire water." He was intoxicated at the time.

The lieutenant had with him a white man who could speak the language of the Dakotas. He told the chief that the white men who had passed in the ox train the day before had reported at the fort that the Indians were hostile and had killed one of their cows. The emigrants demanded pay for the cow, and the soldiers had come to arrest the Indian who had killed it.

Black Bear explained to the officer that the men had

given the cow to the Indian boys with permission to kill it. The officer was very angry and said he must have the man who had killed it, or he would fire on the camp.

The chief told him that the laws of the Dakotas compelled him to call a council before he could give up one of his people to the white men.

The officer would wait for nothing. He wanted the man given up immediately. Black Bear did not want to have any trouble with the Great Father's soldiers and offered to pay for the cow. He was willing to give two spotted ponies, which were worth four ordinary ponies. The officer would not listen to that, so Black Bear, feeling that he had done all he could, started back toward his camp.

The officer ordered his men to shoot and kill the chief, and his command was obeyed. Standing Elk made his way back to the camp unhurt. Very soon the soldiers turned their cannon against the village and killed many of the people.

The Indians mounted their ponies and returned the attack. In a little while all the soldiers were lying on the ground either wounded or killed. Standing Elk found one soldier who was badly wounded and who begged him not to kill him. The old warrior took pity

on the man and carried him on his back to a white man who was staying with the Indians at the time. He was one of the squaw men, his wife being an Indian woman. Standing Elk told the white man to put the soldier into his wagon and take him to the fort and tell the commanding officer what had caused the trouble.

Very soon the Great Father at Washington sent an army and the long war began. The Indians always said that "fire water" was the cause of that war.

CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL AND THE COMMISSIONERS

SOON after the death of Black Bear, Spotted Tail was chosen head chief of the Dakotas. Fifteen years later, after our government had fought the Dakotas, or Sioux as they were commonly called, all that time, it was decided to try to make a treaty of peace with them. Accordingly a commission of seven men was appointed to go into the Indian country to confer with the leaders and try to stop the war.

The Indians were notified to meet these commissioners at Fort Laramie. They were told to be at the place designated at nine o'clock in the morning. Spotted Tail and his chiefs arrived there promptly at the time appointed, and went into the tent in which they were to meet the commissioners. There they waited at



(Spotted Tail is number 1.)

A GROUP OF INDIAN CHIEFS.

least an hour for the white men to come. They heard the white men talking and knew that they were smoking cigars and drinking whisky. After waiting an hour Spotted Tail told his men to come with him. They went out, mounted their horses, and returned to their camp.

At length the white men came into the tent and asked the interpreter to tell the Indians to come, for they were now ready to hear what they had to say. The interpreter returned and informed them that the Indians had gone back to their camp. The commissioners were very indignant and told the interpreter to mount his horse and tell those Indians to return immediately. They would not endure such nonsense!

The interpreter at once rode to the camp of the Indians and informed Spotted Tail what the white men had said. "My boy," said Spotted Tail, "go back to the white men and inform them that they are to return to the Great Father at Washington and tell him to send men, not boys, to talk with us."

The interpreter returned and reported what Spotted Tail had said to him. The commissioners tried for many days to get the Indians to come back and talk to them. They offered to give them money and feasts and many presents. But the red men were firm, insisting that they would talk with men, but not with

those who acted like boys. The Indians expected to receive in return the same treatment that they gave the white men.

Finally the commissioners returned to Washington and reported that the Indians were ugly and hostile and advised the government to send an army out there to exterminate them.

Happily their advice was not followed. The government waited another year, and then selected seven other men who had proper respect for the rights of the Indians. These men went to Fort Laramie and again called the red men in council. The Sioux promptly responded to the call, as they had done before. It was only a few days before a treaty was made and the war ended. This was the great treaty of 1868.

The Indians were told that if they would stop fighting for their rights the government would give them a tract of land of their own choosing and would feed and clothe them for thirty years, or until such time as they should become self-supporting.

The country which the Indians selected was practically what is now the western half of South Dakota (that is, the part west of the Missouri River) and it included the Black Hills. They were told that no white man would ever molest them on that land and that it

should be theirs as long as grass should grow and water run.

The Indians wanted the Black Hills because there was game there and they knew that there was also a



A GOLD MINING CAMP IN THE BLACK HILLS.

great deal of Maza-Zee (gold). Of the value of gold the Indians knew little, but they had found that it would buy anything they wanted from the white men. They

knew, too, that at some time that land would be valuable. Only a few years passed before white men, who were hunting for gold, bribed an Indian by getting him intoxicated to tell them where they could find the gold. As soon as the gold mines were located the white men made a rush for them.

The Indians protested, insisting that the gold was theirs; but the white men shot at every Indian they chanced to meet and soon another war was started. Our government sent General Custer with his regiment of cavalry to drive the white men away from the Black Hill country. After an investigation, it was reported by General Custer that gold had been discovered there in great quantities and another treaty was made.

THE TREATY OF 1876

THE chiefs of the Dakotas were requested to come to Washington again. They were told that if they would release their rights to the Black Hills the government would give them seven million dollars for the land. Instead of money the government finally promised, according to the Indians, seven million dollars' worth of farm implements, large horses, good cows, and everything needful to enable the Indians to learn farming; also that it would send experts to teach the

young men how to till their land; no money value, however, was mentioned in the treaty. The Indians accepted the offer as they understood it, and matters were again settled.

While I was at the agency, I received for the Indians fence wire, plows, cultivators, harrows, harnesses, wagons, cows, and many farm implements. As the Indians had no idea what these tools were and did not know how to use them, I asked the government to send me some men who could teach the Indians.

One day when the stage arrived a man stopped and reported to me that he was a farmer sent by the Indian office to teach the Indians how to till their land. He told me that he did not know anything about farming and that his business had been brewing beer.

He was a German who had once lived in East St. Louis, Illinois, where he had owned a brewery. Later in life he became poor and was supported by the town. The member of Congress from that district took pity on him and requested the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to send him to some agency. He was sent to me. My Indians could not learn farming from him. The result was that the implements rusted and became useless, the seed that was sent there to be planted was used for other purposes, and no progress was made in Indian

farming. The Indians used the saws for arrow points and the harrow teeth for pins to stake down their tepees.

THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHIEF CRAZY HORSE

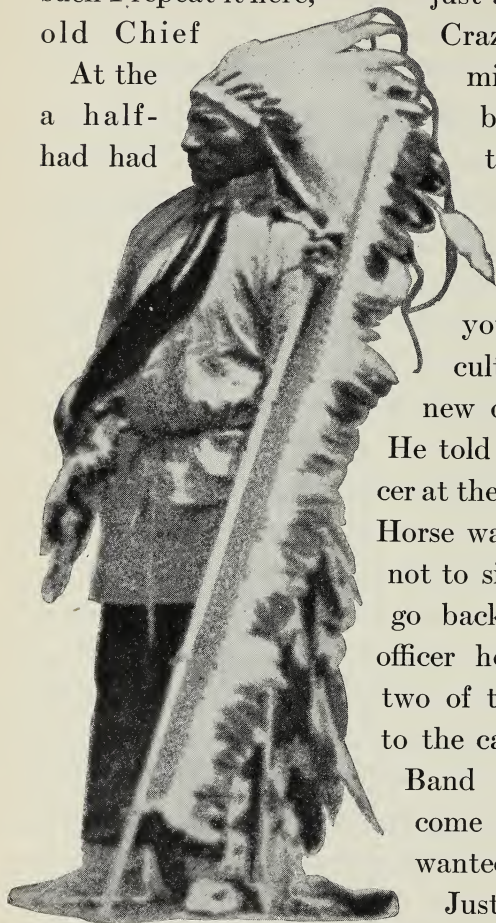
ALL the western bands of the Dakotas, except the one known as the Minne-Con-Jou or Northern Band, sometimes called Crazy Horse's Band, had assembled and signed the great treaty of 1868.

This tribe claimed that their home was in the Yellowstone country. They were so far north that the commissioners did not want to wait until they could come down, for the journey required many days. Accordingly the commissioners went back to Washington and left the treaty with the commanding officer of the post at Fort Laramie, with instructions to him to have the Northern Band sign it as soon as they arrived.

When Crazy Horse came with his people, who numbered several thousand men, women, and children, a council was called; and Spotted Tail told the chief that all his people had agreed to the terms of the treaty and that it was undoubtedly best to accept them. The Dakotas never do anything hastily, and the new arrivals wanted time to talk the matter over. The following account of the trouble is that given by old Crazy Horse himself, and also by others of his tribe. It differs

from our histories, but it is the Indians' story and as such I repeat it here, just as it came to me from old Chief Crazy Horse.

At the
a half-
had had



AN INDIAN BRAVE.

military post there was
breed interpreter who
trouble with young
Crazy Horse some
years before. He
had tried to get the
young chief into diffi-
culties and now he saw a
new opportunity to do so.

He told the commanding offi-
cer at the fort that young Crazy
Horse was advising his people
not to sign the treaty, but to
go back north. When the
officer heard this he ordered
two of the Indians to go out
to the camp of the Northern
Band and ask the chief to
come into his office. He
wanted to talk with him.

Just before the Indians
came back, the officer was

called out of the camp for a few minutes. He instructed the interpreter to tell the Indians to wait there until he returned. The interpreter, however, told the officer of the guard that as soon as the young chief arrived from his camp he was to be locked in the guardhouse until the commanding officer should return.

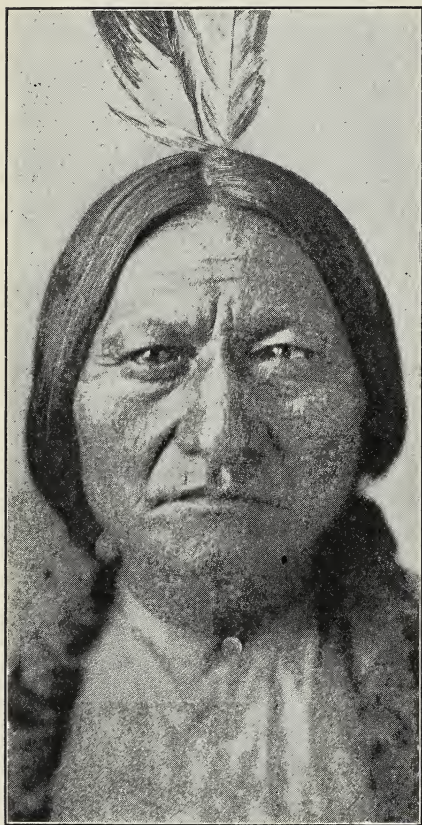
When the Indians dismounted from their ponies they were met by the post guard and were at once led toward the guard house.

The young chief, seeing that he was to be locked up, tried to get away. One of the soldiers attempted to push him into the entrance to the guardhouse, but the young chief drew his knife to cut his way out. He had done nothing for which he ought to be locked up and would not submit. Then a soldier seeing the knife in the chief's hands ran a bayonet through him and killed him on the spot.

The Indians, when they saw that their chief had been murdered by the soldiers, ran for their horses and fled to their camp.

As soon as the commanding officer returned he realized that a great mistake had been made. He ordered the soldiers to surround the camp of the Indians so that they could not leave until the mistake had been corrected. The Indians, however, believing that the sol-

diers were about to attack their camp, prepared to fight. There was a sharp battle for a short time and



SITTING BULL.

many of the soldiers and Indians were killed.

After the battle Crazy Horse's band hastened back to the north. On the second night they stopped on their march to elect a new chief and selected Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull was one of the men whom the tribe believed to be a prophet, or Holy Man. The Indians thought that he would make a good chief for their people and would give them the word of the Great Spirit. That night all the warriors

of the tribe held up their hands and war clubs to the

Great Spirit and made a vow that the first time they met the Great Father's soldiers in battle they would avenge the death of their former chief.

How well they remembered that vow you will know when I tell you about their battle with General Custer. He had to pay dearly for the treachery of that interpreter at the military post and for the death of young Crazy Horse.

THE DAKOTAS' ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE WITH GENERAL CUSTER

BEFORE I tell you about the battle I wish you to know that George A. Custer was a general in the Union army during the Civil War. He commanded what was known as the Michigan Brigade, which consisted of the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Regiments of Michigan cavalry.

It was one of the best brigades in the Army of the Potomac. General Custer was everywhere recognized as a daring leader; and the southern army knew that when the Michigan Cavalry Brigade came into action something would surely happen.

After the war General Custer had gone out to the plains with the army to fight Indians. The Indians called him Pa-He-Hons-Kah-Zee (Long Yellow Hair).

They said that he was a very brave man and a great warrior. They always respect a soldier who is not afraid to die.

So many stories have been told by white men about that battle that I shall refrain from saying anything concerning the causes that led them into the engagement, but shall confine myself to the report which was given me by the Indians who were in the battle.

The warriors who fought against General Custer said that early in the year when the battle occurred they were hunting buffalo and other game in the Yellowstone country. Often when members of the tribe went near a military post they were shot at. They themselves were hunting just as their fathers had hunted for hundreds of years before them, with bows and arrows and clubs. The Indians admit that they had a few old guns when they went into the battle, but declare that they did not have ammunition. However that may be, when the tide of battle turned in their favor they used the soldiers' own guns against them.

They had been away hunting only a short time when a messenger came from Sitting Bull, urging all the hunters to return to camp, because the Great Father's Long Knives (cavalry) were coming into their country and

reporting that Long Yellow Hair was coming with them.

The Indians abandoned their hunting and at once hastened back to the camp. As they did not know why the white soldiers were coming, the Indians say that they sent out two of their men with a flag of truce to ask the reason. From the hills they watched the messengers and waited for the result of the talk with General Custer. They saw General Custer's soldiers shoot the men who carried the flag. They saw the latter fall to the ground and the white soldiers ride over them. Then they knew what was coming. They saw, too, that General Custer divided his force and sent a part of his soldiers to one side of their camp and the rest to the other side.

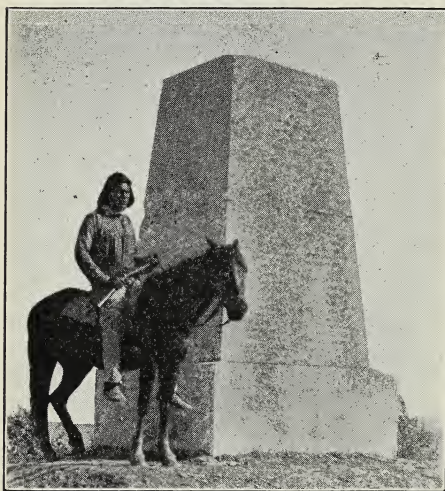


GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

Sitting Bull's entire force, according to the Indians' stories, consisted of about one thousand tepees, or five

thousand men, women, and children. Of that number he was able to muster about twelve hundred men and boys who could defend the village.

When the Indians saw General Custer coming over the hills toward their camp they sent a detail up the ravine leading to the level ground to attack him. The



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL CUSTER.

Indians told me that at first his men fought in line, but that very soon they formed a hollow square, the officers taking post in the center. The men dismounted and stood behind their horses, using them as a protection from the arrows.

When the Indians saw General Custer in the center, they shot at him, for they wanted to kill him first. They claim that he was one of the first to fall from his horse.

When Custer fell his soldiers mounted their horses and tried to run away, but the officers who were not

disabled attempted to hold the soldiers together. When the Indians realized that the soldiers were trying to escape, they threw away their bows and arrows and attacked with their war clubs, knocking the soldiers from their horses.

The officers and soldiers who were able to fight ran a short distance, carrying the body of General Custer with them. There they made another stand, but were soon surrounded and again compelled to retreat. The remaining soldiers were making their last stand when they were again surrounded. They had carried the body of General Custer lashed to a horse, hoping to make their escape, but the Indians charged them with their war clubs and killed the last man. The Indians saw the body of General Custer there, but they had such respect for a brave man that they did not even remove his scalp.

They took the rifles and revolvers and a large amount of ammunition that the soldiers had in their saddle bags, together with all their equipment, blankets, and clothing, and hastened to the relief of the Indians who had gone to fight the other part of General Custer's command.

The old men with the women and children had packed up their tepees and started in haste for the hill country. After General Custer's death the soldiers did not try

to fight, but seemed intent on making their escape. The officers held them together only with the greatest difficulty. For nearly two days the Indians fought the remainder of General Custer's men, and then they, too, joined their families. The killing of their chief, young Crazy Horse, had been avenged.

Such was the story as it was told to me by the Indians who were in the battle. They believed that Long Yellow Hair was the bravest warrior that the Great Father had in his army. For that reason they killed him first. Their war cry was, "Remember our Chief Crazy Horse."

They never forget a wrong done them nor do they forget a friend who helps them in the hour of need. The Indian is either a very good friend or a very bitter enemy.

THE MASSACRE AT WOUNDED KNEE

IN the winter of 1890 the Dakotas received word that one of their Holy Men was coming into their country to bring messages from the Great Spirit. The information was passed about in the villages, and the red men planned to meet the Holy Man at the Indian village on Wounded Knee Creek.

Several families went at once to welcome him. When they arrived they learned that some of the white people living beyond the borders in Nebraska had spread the

report that the Indians were coming there to attack the white people.

Some of the white people in this vicinity were particularly hostile to the Indians and recognized in this an opportunity to make war against them and perhaps to drive them away and secure their lands. Rumors which alarmed the other white men were soon circulated. The newspapers took up the report of the hostility of the Dakotas and excited the people still more. So much was said that an appeal for soldiers was finally made to the War Department. An army was soon sent in response to this request.



SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE AT
WOUNDED KNEE.

I was personally acquainted with several of the Indians who were killed in this massacre and knew them to be harmless, inoffensive people, who had gone to the

village of their friends with no thought of war. The Indians could not believe that the Great Father's soldiers would attack them in winter time when they were without food or supplies except such as they received from the government every week; nor could they understand why the white men were so inflamed against them.

When the soldiers surrounded the tepees and demanded every gun, the Indians refused to give them up because they had bought them and paid for them with their own money. Then the soldiers shot down *every man, woman, and child* in the village, with a few exceptions.

WHY THE UTE INDIANS KILLED MAJOR THORNBURG

I WAS in Washington City at the time when the Indian Office was investigating the killing of Major Thornburg of the regular army late in 1879. The chief clerk of the Indian Office gave me my information. Because of his position he knew the truth about the death of the major and the soldiers under his command.

The Ute Indians had been told by the officers of our government that if they would select certain sections of the land on their reservation, they might have them

for their individual property, but they must set up four stakes to mark each piece thus selected.

The tribe accepted the conditions, although their religion had taught them that all land should be held in common.

One of the Utes selected a piece of land in a valley near the agency buildings. He put up his stakes and conformed to all the conditions laid down by the agent. Soon after that the agent thought best to select for an agency farm a place which he could use as a school in giving the Indians lessons in farming. He told the agency farmer to use the place that had been chosen by this Indian and to take his team and plow it.

When the Indian saw the agency farmer plowing his land, he protested. He told the farmer that the land was his and pointed out his stakes. The farmer replied that he had been ordered by the agent to plow there and that he should do so. The Indian replied that if the farmer continued to plow he would shoot his horses. As the farmer did not stop, the Indian fired a shot over the team to warn the man. The farmer unhitched the team and reported to the agent that the Indian was shooting at his horses and that he would not plow any more.

The agent was very indignant and declared that he

could select any land that he desired and plow it. If the Indians made trouble, he would send for soldiers and see that his wishes were respected.

The Indians told the agent that if soldiers were brought there they would kill all the white people on the reservation. The agent did not heed the warning, but sent to Washington for soldiers.

Major Thornburg of the regular army was sent to the reservation with a battalion. As soon as the Indians were informed that soldiers were on the way to the locality, they sent a party of their warriors to meet them. They met, and the major, some of his soldiers, the agent, and several of the white people at the agency were killed in the engagement that followed. The daughter of the agent was taken prisoner and treated kindly because the Utes knew that she did not approve of the action of her father. All the trouble might have been averted if a little tact had been used. If the agent had offered to give the Indian a pound of sugar and some coffee, a blanket, or some little present, the latter would have relinquished his claim to that particular piece of land and taken another.

Every man is entitled to justice, and the Indian has not had it. This state of affairs has existed ever since we commenced to deal with the native Americans.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INDIAN HUNTER

THE chief weapons used by the Indians for hunting were bows and arrows. The bows were made of hickory, which is very stiff and strong; often they were covered with sinew to make them stiffer so that they would shoot farther.

The arrows were usually made of ash, which is heavy and straight. The Indians used to point their arrows with flint, but after the white men came they learned to make the points of iron. They liked to get hoop iron, for that made the best points. Our traders used to sell the tribes files, cold chisels, and hammers with which the Indians made tips for their arrows.

Some of the Indians are very deft in handling tools. At one time I gave the Indians a great many tools so that they might build some houses. Every Indian wanted a saw. It did not make any difference to him whether it was a crosscut saw or a rip saw; one was as good as the other. I gave out about three hundred handsaws, which they took home with them. One

day I went into a tepee and found an old man sitting by the fire with a saw. He put the saw into the fire and in that way drew the temper; then he cut the saw into small pieces with a cold chisel. Of these little pieces he made arrow points.

I had found out why the Indians wanted the saws which I had given them.

HOW THE INDIANS KILLED BUFFALOES

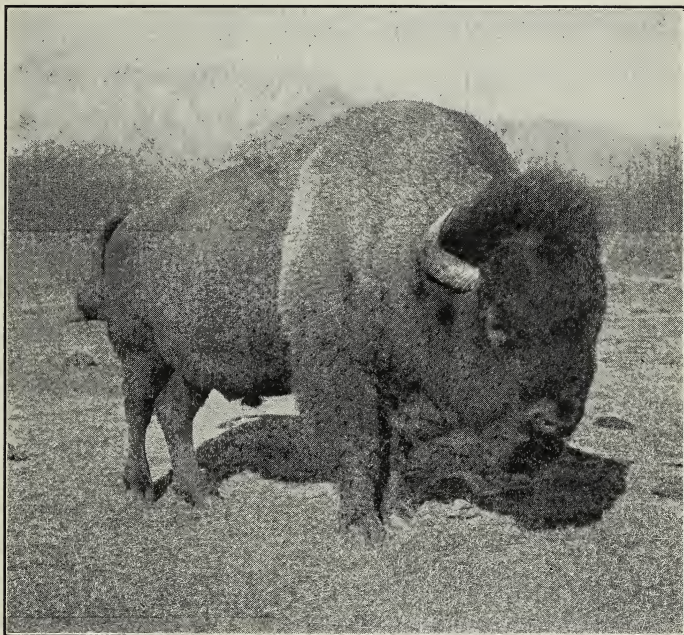
THEY also made out of stones war clubs that weighed three or four pounds. The stones were sharply pointed and were fastened to the end of a strong stick or club. These weapons were often used for killing the buffaloes. The hunters would ride alongside of a buffalo and with a swift, hard blow could kill even a big one.

The Indians had to be very careful when hunting buffalo as these animals were very strong and savage and sometimes would hook a horse to death with their sharp horns. If they could unseat a rider they would stamp him to death with their fore feet.

The Indians also made spears with long wooden handles. Sometimes they killed the buffaloes with these spears; but usually they used the arrows or the stone clubs.

THE INDIAN LAW CONCERNING HUNTING BUFFALO

THE Dakotas believed themselves to be the most powerful and the strongest of all the tribes in America. Their great wealth was in their herds of buffalo, elk,



THE MONARCH OF THE PLAIN.

deer, and antelope. When the white men first crossed the plains in 1848 and 1849, thousands of buffaloes and elk were to be seen there. At times these herds were so large that the emigrants in the wagon trains were

compelled to go into camp for fear of being trodden by the animals.

The Indian law was very severe with any one who killed a buffalo and did not save the hide and meat. They were as careful of these great herds as the Texas herder is of his cattle to-day. If a young hunter wounded a buffalo, he was not permitted to shoot another until the wounded one was killed, for fear it would go off and die and its meat and skin would be lost.

With great care the Indians had accumulated thousands and thousands of buffaloes. When they saw the white man shoot the animals and not stop even to take the hides, it made them very angry. They protested against such waste and finally threatened to kill the horses and the oxen of the white men if this practice was not stopped. They permitted the white men to kill and eat all they wanted, but they were unwilling to have them kill to waste.

The white men paid little attention to their protests, and continued to kill the buffaloes. The Indians retaliated and shot the cattle of the white men, and in this way war began.

Because of the wanton destruction of the buffaloes, these noble animals are now almost extinct.

HOW THE INDIANS CAPTURED ANTELOPES

ANTELOPES are so shy that it is very hard to get near enough to them to shoot them. The Indians found it better to flag them, which was done in this way.

The Indian boys would go out on the prairie to the grass upon which the antelopes fed. There the boys would lie down. They would tie a red cloth to the end of a stick and wave it slowly over their heads. Antelopes are curious animals, and when they saw the cloth, they wanted to know why it was there. They came closer and closer, until they were so near the flag that the boys could kill them.

The Indians were very fond of antelope meat.

HOW THE INDIANS CAPTURED EAGLES

I FOUND that the Dakotas liked to wear eagle feathers in their hair because they thought that they had the characteristics of the eagle and often named their young men after it. One of our chiefs was named Little Eagle, another Indian was named Running Eagle, still another was Black Eagle, and a fourth, Eagle Eye.

They told me of some interesting customs; for instance, they did not like to shoot eagles; they preferred to catch them in their hands. We will watch an eagle hunt.

The day before they go eagle hunting they set traps and catch some jack rabbits. In the night the hunters climb a high hill that overlooks the country and there they dig a hole in the ground large enough for a man to hide himself. Over this hole and the dirt which they have thrown out, they place brush, so that eagles flying through the air will not discover that there is a trap for them there.

On the top of the brush pile the Indian ties a live rabbit with a strong cord, and before daylight he hides himself in the hole under the brush.

In the morning the birds fly over the hills on the lookout for their breakfasts. As soon as an eagle sees the rabbit on the brush pile, he darts down and seizes it with his sharp claws and tries to fly away. The Indian who is in the brush pile seizes the eagle by its legs and pulls it down until he can grasp it by the neck. Frequently the hunters would bring the eagle alive into camp and tame it. In that way they obtained feathers for their war bonnets and for their hair.

CATCHING AND TRAINING WILD HORSES

NOWADAYS the Indians often tell their sons and daughters how they used to go out on the plains and catch wild horses. Formerly there were great



CATCHING EAGLES.

droves of these wild horses in the Indian country. It was great sport for the young men to catch them and tame them.

The Indians taught their sons to catch horses with ropes. They made these ropes of horsehair and of the long hair which they cut in large quantities from buffalo skins. The women twisted this hair into small strands, sometimes making ropes about forty feet in length. These ropes were placed on the front of the rude saddles of the hunters, which were very much like the pack saddles used by our miners: they were tied together with thongs of rawhide. When the Indian hunters came close to a wild pony, they threw the loop of the rope over his head.

Sometimes they would cast the noose under the wild pony's foot and throw him down. If the noose settled on the pony's neck they pulled it so tight that the pony was choked.

They had fine fun breaking a new pony to ride. The Indian boys would jump on the pony's back, and ride him until he was tired out and could go no farther. Then they would take him to their homes and feed him, and after that he usually was tame and gentle.

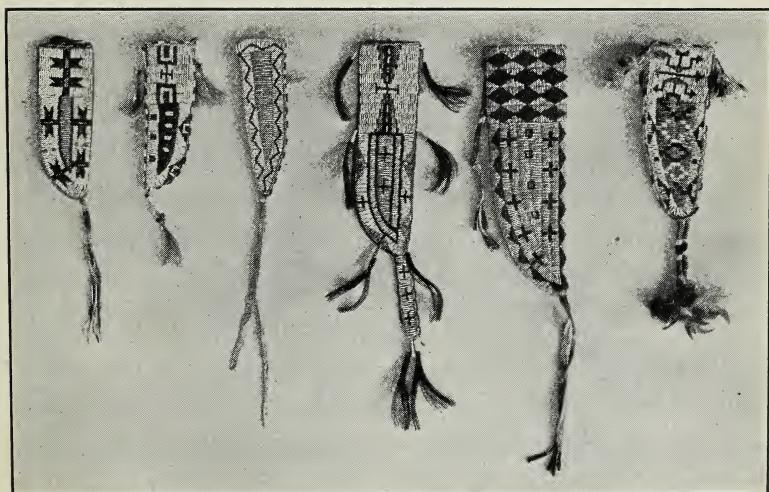
Indian boys on the reservations still practice throwing the lariat, as this feat is of use in herding cattle.

CHAPTER IX

THE SKILL OF THE INDIANS

HOW THEY MADE ARROWHEADS

BEFORE the white men came into the country the only hunting implements that the Indians had were those which they made of stones or the bones of animals.



KNIFE CASES.

The best thing they could find to fashion into arrowheads was a stone which we call flint. This stone is

very hard, but small pieces can be broken from it if it is struck sharply with another stone. Some of the Indians became very skillful in forming arrowheads and spearheads. They went out to the hillsides and gathered all the flint they could carry in a sack. When the Indian had carried these pieces of flint to his tepee he placed a large, flat stone on the ground for an anvil. Next he took a piece of flint, fastened it to the end of a stick for a hammer, and broke little pieces from the smaller flint until he had worked it into an arrowhead. Arrowheads like these are occasionally plowed up, even at the present time.

After years of practice the Indians became very skillful and could make many arrowheads in a day. Sometimes the Indians exchanged these arrowheads for arrows, but usually a warrior preferred to make his own. The Indians were proud of their bows, arrows, war clubs and pipes, and proudest of all of their skill in making these articles. When the arrowhead maker found a large piece of flint he chipped it into the shape of a knife blade or a spearhead and gave it a sharp edge that cut almost like the blade of a knife. The horn of a deer was used as a handle for the knife.

This is what Longfellow says of the arrow maker in "Hiawatha":

“Homeward now went Hiawatha ;
Pleasant was the landscape round him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of vengeance,
From his heart the burning fever.

“Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient arrow maker,
In the land of the Dakotas,
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

“There the ancient arrow maker
Made his arrowheads of sandstone,
Arrowheads of chalcedony,
Arrowheads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

“With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter ;
And he named her from the river,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

“ Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrowheads of chalcedony,
Arrowheads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dakotas ? ”

HOW THE INDIANS PRESERVED MEAT

AS late as the middle of the nineteenth century buffaloes were found in great numbers in the regions east of the Rocky Mountains. No timber grew on the great prairies of the West, the region that formerly was



DRYING MEAT.

marked on our maps as the Great American Desert. Those great plains were the homes of the buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope.

Every fall the herds moved southward and in the spring they came back to the north. In that way they escaped the intense cold and heat.

Before the herds went south the Indians laid in enough meat for their winter supply, and enough skins

for their winter clothing. When they killed a buffalo they never allowed the blood to escape, but let it settle in the meat.

After an animal had been skinned, they would cut the meat into thin strips and hang these on poles in the fresh air to dry. The air is so pure in that country that the meat cured in the sun without tainting. After it had been dried, it was packed away in tallow, in cases of buffalo hide. These cases held about eighty pounds, and two of them could be carried on a pony's back. Sometimes the Indians mixed dried cherries with the meat. If fresh meat was to be eaten, it usually was boiled, and often wild turnips were boiled with it. The Indians were very fond of this combination.

Because they roamed over the prairies, the Indians' "cattle" were healthy and free from disease. The Dakotas believed that they inherited the traits of the buffalo because they ate so much buffalo meat. They often named their children after the buffalo, the Ta-tonka.

HOW THEY MADE TANNED LEATHER SOFT

WHEN an Indian killed an animal for food he usually saved the hide for clothing. The buffalo skin was used for blankets or to provide material for big

shoes and leggings when the weather was cold. Sometimes the skins were made into shirts that looked like big coats.

The Indian women took the buffalo skin and stretched it on the ground, flesh side up, and with sharp stones



PREPARING A SKIN.

scraped away all the meat or flesh. Then they covered the skin with ashes to absorb the grease. After the ashes had been rubbed in by hand, they let the skin remain for a few days, after which they took it to the creek and washed it clean. Next they took the brains

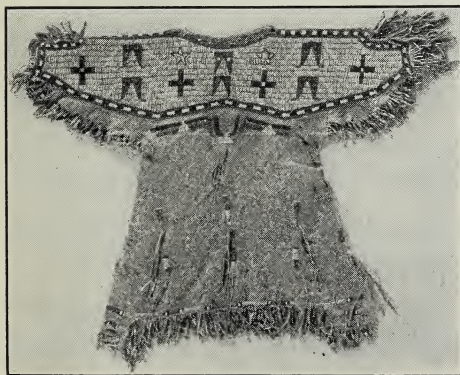
of the animal and greased the hide with them, working the grease into the skin with their hands until it was very soft.

Sometimes the men took paint and with sharp sticks made pictures on the robe, usually pictures of horses or dogs. Sometimes the pictures represented battles in which they themselves had been engaged.

They treated the antelope skins and deerskins in



TANNING A HIDE.



A GIRL'S DRESS.

much the same manner. Sometimes if they wanted to make a fine dress, a pair of moccasins, or a shirt and leggings for a man, the Indian women stretched the skin, hair side up, on the ground,

and pinned it down with little stakes, sometimes putting as many as twenty stakes around one skin. They covered it with ashes and water, in this way removing all the hair. In other respects they treated these skins as they did those which I have already described.

After the skin had been tanned in this manner, they made it up into clothing, using the sinew which they took out of the animal's back for thread. For a needle they used a sharp little bone somewhat like a shoemaker's awl. They ornamented their clothing with beads and porcupine quills. They left the hair on dogskins, and also on the skins of fawns, wolves, and otter. The men provided the skins and the women prepared them to be made up into clothing.

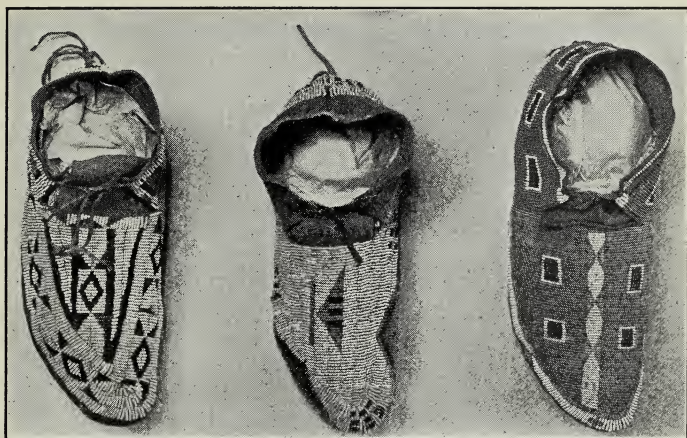
HOW THEY MADE ORNAMENTS

BEFORE white men came the Indians made their ornaments of bones, shells, bears' claws, teeth of different animals, and feathers of birds. Their beads were not like those that we have. They were generally from an inch to four inches in length.

For making ornaments, round bones were selected and a hole large enough to receive a buckskin string was bored through them. Sometimes these beads were

strung on a sinew that had been taken from the back of a deer. This sinew was also used for thread.

The claws of the bear and those of the eagle were also strung together with the pieces of bone. These ornaments were usually worn around the neck. Sometimes

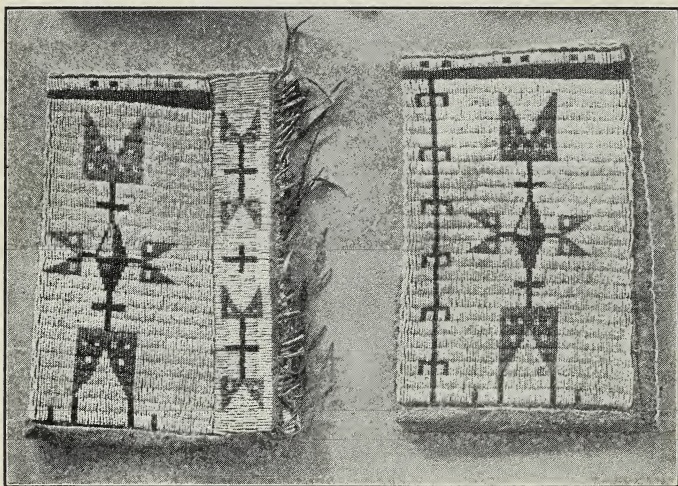


ORNAMENTED MOCCASINS.

the Indians made breastplates of them. These breastplates were made of bones about the size of clay pipe-stems, in pieces about four inches long. Two rows, each containing about twenty-five pieces, would be strung on buckskin strings. The Indians were very proud of these breastplates. When white men came into this country they discovered that the Indians were very fond of beads and other small ornaments, and they brought large

quantities and sold them to the red men. The Indians never had little glass beads until the white men brought them.

The eyeteeth of the elk were used by the Indian women to ornament their dresses. They often had



SIoux LEGGINGS.

hundreds of these eyeteeth on one dress. When an Indian killed an elk he saved the two eyeteeth. He drilled a hole through the upper part of the tooth large enough to pass a small buckskin string through. One of the most highly prized gifts a young man could give to his wife or his sister was a number of elk teeth.

She would sew these teeth on the upper part of her dress in rows about four inches apart. An antelope skin dress trimmed with elks' teeth was worth at least four good ponies.

Porcupine quills were considered of great value and were highly prized as trimming, not only for dresses for the women and girls, but for ornaments for the tops of moccasins and the leggings of the men. These quills were either split in two or flattened at the ends, they were colored with bright colors, and sewed to the clothing in little squares and other ornamental forms.

HOW THEY MADE PIPES

I WILL tell you how the Indians made their pipes and about the material that they used. There is a bright red stone which, when first taken from the quarry, is so soft that the Indians could carve it with their knives. The red men used to go every year to this quarry and fill sacks with this stone and take it to their homes to make up into pipes. They carved it with their knives while the stone was soft. After the stone had been exposed to the air for a time it became very hard.

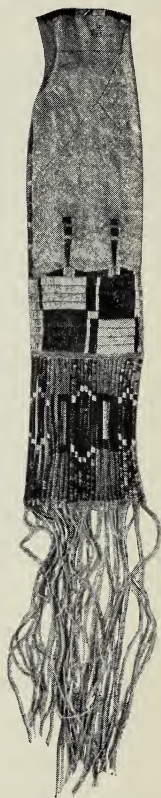
There was a place where the Indians found a black stone which was soft like the red stone. This, too, they used in making pipes. It could be polished like marble.



A PIPE POUCH.

Stems for the pipes were made of wood. Some stems were round, others were flat ; some were ornamented with porcupine quills and others with bird feathers or tufts of horsehair. Some pipes were used for everyday smoking and others only when the tribe prayed to the Great Spirit.

I never saw the Dakotas use any pipes except those which they themselves had made either from the red or the black pipestone. The Indians often exchanged a horse for a good pipe.



ANOTHER PIPE POUCH.

HOW THEY MADE WAR CLUBS

WAR clubs and rude implements of wood and stone were the only weapons the Indians had with which to secure their meat and fight their battles with their enemies.

The war club, as we call it, was really used more for killing buffaloes than for any other purpose. The Indians made the head from a hard, flinty rock. They used small pieces of flint rock for picks and with them shaped the stone that was to be a part of the war club. By continued picking, they reduced the size of this stone until it was about six or eight inches in length and was pointed at each end. They fastened this stone to a handle which they covered with rawhide.

When they went to war with other tribes the war club, next to the bow and arrow, was their chief weapon of attack and defense.

Some time in his life every man was expected to make a war club, although a year might be required to complete the task.

HOW THEY KEPT WARM IN WINTER

THE Indians lived in tepees made of the skins of animals. When buffaloes were more plentiful they used buffalo skins to cover the tepee poles. The skins were sewed together so that the snow and cold could not penetrate.

At the top of the tepee they left a little open place through which the smoke could escape. In the center of the tepee a hole was dug in the ground about one

foot deep and one foot in diameter. A fire burned in this hole all winter and kept the ground in the tepee warm. The winter camps were always in some cañon among the hills or mountains where there was plenty of



A TEPEE.

wood. In the day-time the wood was gathered and brought into the tepee. When night came, the tepee was closed tightly and the people were very comfortable and warm, for they had plenty of fur coats and blankets in which they wrapped themselves.

The Indians could endure the cold better than white men could, because even in the coldest weather the boys bathed every day in water that was almost like ice water. After the daily bath the Indian boys would run about in the cold wearing but little clothing; this was done to make the skin on their bodies as tough as it was on their hands and faces. They were taught to endure all sorts of hardships.

HOW THEY PROVIDED FOOD FOR THEIR HORSES IN
WINTER

IT is generally understood by all who are familiar with the ways of the Indians that in the old days they provided no food for their horses in winter.

They did with their horses what white men do with their cattle on the plains of Dakota at the present day. They turned them out and left them to take care of themselves. In the Dakota country there are two kinds of grass that cattle find during the winter, and upon which they live very well if the snow is not too deep or the cold too intense. These are the buffalo grasses and the bunch grasses. The cattle and horses can usually find enough of them to keep them from starving.

As soon as spring came the ponies began to feed upon the green grass and in a short time were as fat as they were before.

The Indians told me that before the white men came into the country the ponies were turned out when the cold weather came, and large herds went south to the regions where the climate was warmer. They migrated as the buffalo did to a land where they had grass and water all winter long.

In the spring the ponies and the buffalo would come

north again. The ponies liked the Indians and would come back to their tepees. We often hear of birds returning to the same place and building nests there summer after summer. The ponies came back every spring to the tepees for the same reason that causes the birds to return to the same localities.

HOW THEY MADE PAINTS BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

BEFORE the white men came the Indians made their own paints. Sometimes they found red clay or stones which, when they were burned, made a colored powder; sometimes they used other minerals. Then, too, they stained their faces with juices from the bark of certain trees. The juices of certain berries also were used to color their skins. But white men brought paints which they wished to exchange for furs and the Indians liked the paints much better.

They used to carry their paint in little sacks made of buckskin. The paints were generally in the form of dry powder. When the Indians wanted to dress up to receive company, they took a little of this powder and mixed it with some tallow from the buffalo, or with the oil which they obtained from certain other animals, and rubbed the grease and paint over their bodies.

HOW THEY CARRIED THEIR SICK WHEN ON THE MARCH

THE Indians had an ingenious way of carrying the sick when on the march. They selected two tepee poles about twenty feet in length and tied one end of each to a pony and let the other end drag on the ground. Between the poles they fastened a buffalo skin. The one who was sick was placed upon this skin and rode in what they considered comfort. The poles were like springs.

Sometimes the Indians took two horses and tied one end of each pole to each horse. The sick person rode between the two horses.

Our soldiers on the plains often do the same thing. When they tie the poles to one pony and let the ends drag on the ground the conveyance is called a travois.

HOW THEY CURED THEIR SICK

A HUNDRED years ago the Indians hardly knew what sickness was. They were a tough and hardy race of people. If they wanted to know how to cure themselves of a disease of the blood they watched their horses in the spring to see what they ate. They observed that the horses went out upon the hillsides or next to the mountains and with their feet dug from the ground roots which they ate. They also ate gums that grew on the bark of certain trees. The men could see the

effect of these on the horses and believed that the same roots and barks and gums would cure them also.

If an Indian caught a bad cold his friends went with him to the bank of a stream, where they put up a little tepee large enough for one person to crawl into. Then they built a big fire and put stones on the fire. When these were hot, the friends put them in the tepee with the sick man and poured water upon them. In this way they soon filled the tepee with steam. They continued to do this until the sick man was warm and perspired freely. Then they took him to the creek and threw him into the cool water. After that they chased him with a whip up and down the bank of the stream until he perspired freely again. After this treatment had been given him, they wrapped him in a buffalo skin and allowed him to rest. Such a cure would break up the worst cold.

Their methods of curing disease were not unlike those of our own people of a hundred years ago.

HOW THEY MADE BOATS

THE different tribes of Indians built their boats in different ways. They have less need for boats now than when I lived among them; but I shall tell you of the methods I have seen them use. Some In-

dians build boats by taking a big log and, with an ax or some similar tool, hollowing it out until it looks like a boat. These small boats are called dugouts.

Other Indians build their boats of birch bark. They make a strong frame of wood, shaped as they want their boat to be when it is finished. Then they go to the birch trees and peel off large sheets of the bark, prepare it very carefully, and fasten it to the frame of the boat. With gum which they obtain from trees they pitch the seams together, and, with a paddle made of red cedar, they are ready to cross almost any stream. These birch bark canoes are sometimes large enough to carry ten or twelve people. Almost every family of Indians that lives near the water has one or more of these canoes. At night if they are away from home they draw them out of the water, turn them bottom side up, and have a good place in which to sleep when it rains.

The Dakota Indians did not make very many boats, even in the olden days. They were horsemen and did not care for the water, neither did they care to eat fish. They did not often go near the water, and unless they were obliged to cross large streams, they seldom used boats. The few boats that they built were made in this way: they would get some small willow branches

and bend and twist them into a hoop about five or six feet in diameter, binding the branches together with thongs of rawhide.

Then they would select some more willows like the ones they already had. These they would tie upon the first, making a frame in the shape of a big kettle, round on the bottom. They would make four of these boat frames. When all were finished they would take a large buffalo skin, grease it to keep the water from soaking through it, tie a buffalo robe around each of these frames, and fasten a pole across the four boats. They could put two Indians in each little boat, making eight that could cross the river at one time.

They would then tie a number of their horsehair ropes together and stretch them across the stream. By this contrivance they could soon convey their people to the opposite shore. These boats the Indians called watas. After all had crossed, they would take the skins from the boats, dry them, and use them for blankets.



A BIRCH BARK CANOE.

CHAPTER X

SOME INDIAN CUSTOMS

OLD BELT, THE HISTORIAN

IN my conversation with the Indians about this world and the country in which they lived, I found to my surprise that they had a written history of their tribe.

One time I wanted to organize an Indian police force of fifty young warriors to protect the Indians from the white men who came into the country to steal horses that belonged to the Indians.

When I tried to obtain the names and ages of the young men I could not get the information. I thought that was very strange, but the interpreter told me that it was a law of their nation not to tell their names or ages. If any one wanted to know these things, he must send for Old Belt, who was the historian of his people. He could tell everything. Accordingly I sent for Old Belt, as they called him.

When he came he brought an antelope skin which he spread on the floor of the office and proceeded to find out how old each warrior was. An Indian friend of

the young warrior would say that the young man was born when his people were camping on the Wah-Keah-Wak-Ah-Pollah (Thunder Creek), the year in which the horses died of the plague. Old Belt would look on his antelope skin, which was covered with little pictures of all kinds, each about the size of a silver dollar. He found the picture which referred to that year and counted back to see how many years had passed since. The history was in circles of pictures and each picture represented one year. Some friend of the young man would then tell me the young man's name. In that way I got a list of the Indians I wanted for the police force.

This antelope skin of Old Belt's contained pictorial records of nearly two hundred and fifty years. When the time should come for Old Belt to go to the Happy Hunting Ground he would leave the records to his oldest son, who after the father's death would be recognized as the historian of the tribe.

HOW THEY SELECTED CHIEFS

AS a rule the chief was the oldest son of a former chief. Quite often, however, the tribe would select some warrior who had shown himself very brave in battle, or one for whom all had great love and respect. If

disputes arose among the members of the tribe the trouble was frequently referred to the chief for settlement. For this reason the chief must be wise as well as brave.

Spotted Tail was elected chief because he was a brave man and a good counselor. He had the respect of all the white people with whom he dealt, as well as the greatest respect of his own people.

Sitting Bull was what they called a Holy or Wise Man when he was elected chief, for his people wanted a leader who was a good counselor more than they did one that was a great warrior.

The Indians elected their chiefs for the same reasons that lead us to make one of our men a governor or a president.

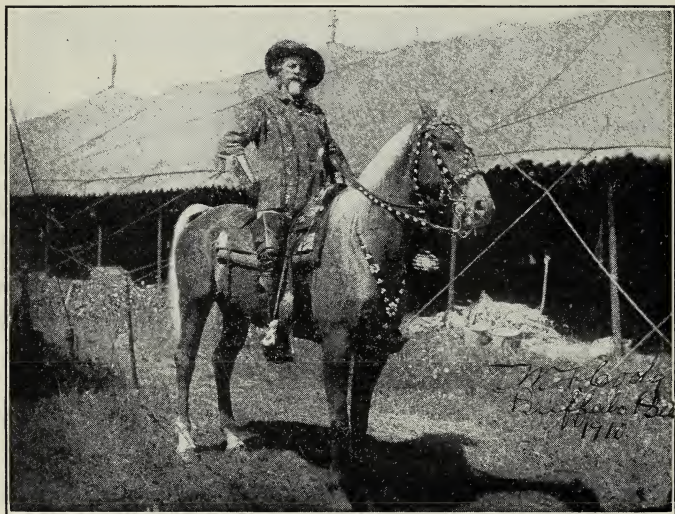
WHY THE INDIANS WORE LONG HAIR

I HAVE been asked from time to time why the Sioux Indians wore long hair.

These Indians did not cut off their hair except as a sign of mourning or for cowardice. They said that it was a mark of cowardice for people to cut off the scalp lock.

When the Dakotas saw the white men crossing the plains on their way to California, or the Land of the Setting Sun, as they called it, they thought they must

all be cowards whom the Great Father was sending out of his country. This belief was not limited to the Dakotas, for when William Penn went among the Indians, they said right away: "He is a brave man. We can trade with him; he will be honest. He has long



WILLIAM F. CODY, "BUFFALO BILL."

hair." They said that Buffalo Bill and General Custer were both brave men and not afraid to die, because they had long hair.

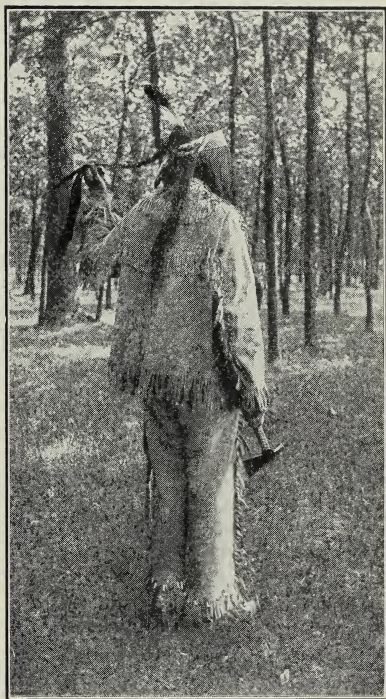
The Indians used to braid their hair in two big braids, one on each side of the head. Around these braids they

wrapped long strips of otter or beaver skin to make their hair look better. They combed it and oiled it every day.

On the back of their heads they braided one lock separate from the others. They called this the scalp lock. It was kept braided so that if a warrior was killed by an enemy the scalp lock would be ready to be taken. They expected that every one who was not afraid to die would have his scalp lock ready to be cut off when death overtook him. When a boy was five years of age his mother began to care for his scalp lock.

Other nations besides the Dakotas wore long hair. It is not many years since the white men in our country used to wear their hair uncut.

Now that the Indians have adopted the white man's civilization, most of them keep their hair short.



THE SCALP LOCK.

WHY THEY USED THE PIPE WHEN THEY PRAYED

“ON the Mountains of the prairie,
On the great Red Pipestone quarry,
Gitchie Manito, the mighty,
He the master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.

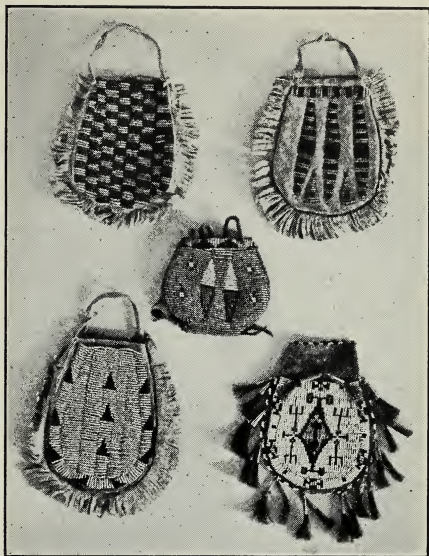
“And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, ‘Run in this way!’

“From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipestem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace Pipe.”

— LONGFELLOW.

This "Song of the Pipe" goes on to explain the relation that existed between the Indian and his pipe. It relates how the Great Spirit called the tribes of the earth and told them to make pipes from the stone as it was taken from the quarry, to gather the bark of the red willow and put it into the bowls of the pipes,

and to let all the nations smoke them in peace. He told the tribes that his children should no more go to war with one another, commanding —



TOBACCO POUCHES.

“Wash the war-paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
 Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
 Break the red stone from this quarry,
 Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
 Take the reeds that grow beside you,
 Deck them with your brightest feathers,
 Smoke the calumet together,
 And as brothers live henceforward.”

— LONGFELLOW.

INDIAN MONEY

TO-DAY the Indians use our prosaic money. This is of course the most convenient arrangement. But their old forms of money served their purpose very well and were very interesting.

Different tribes had different kinds of money. Some tribes gathered shells of a peculiar formation, and used them as a means of exchange.

They made them up into belts by sewing the shells on strips of buckskin. Sometimes they made them into pictures. They also made war belts, peace belts, and others of various kinds, each having its own meaning.

Some tribes had a form of money which they called wampum. It was made of shells which they found on the seashore. These pieces of shells looked like clay pipestems. They sometimes fashioned them also into wampum belts.

The Dakota Indians used a pony or dog as the basis of valuation. They gave so many ponies or so many dogs or so many antelope skins or so many buffalo skins in exchange for an article.

The Hudson Bay Fur Company made the Indians give them for a rifle as many skins as would pile as high as a rifle was long. The Indians piled up a certain

number of skins for a knife, or exchanged a certain number of horses for a gun. They did not have money. They traded by exchange, or barter, as they called it. Money as a medium of exchange was never known among the Dakotas until the white men brought it.

The Dakotas called our gold money, yellow iron ; silver money, white iron ; paper money, money made of paper.

INDIAN MUSIC

THE Indians sang and found much enjoyment in their songs. They made a kind of drum, which they called a tum-tum, in imitation of the sound ; on it they would pound or beat while singing. They also had what they called high singers, and if there was to be a great wedding they might employ



AN INDIAN MUSICIAN.

two or more of these musicians. The Indian musicians for such a service usually received a pound of sugar and a little coffee, which they would rather have had than money.

The Dakota Indians had love songs and war songs; songs that they sang at funerals and others that they sang at weddings. They often made up a song as they went along; it was more like talking, or telling a story in song.

Their method was not unlike the chanting or intoning of the priests in some churches. Some of the Indian boys and girls learned to sing and to play very well.

HOW THE INDIANS LEARNED HOW MANY WHITE MEN WERE IN THE WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY

WHILE I lived among the Dakotas, some of them thought that there were not many white men in the country and that it would be wise to form a war party and drive them from the land.

The Indians counted their own people and found that there was an average of five persons to each tepee. They purposed counting the tepees of the white men, averaging five to a tepee, and in this way estimating the number of white people there were.

It was decided to let some of the old warriors go to

the Eastern states and count the homes of the white men. One old warrior was to take a stick with him and every time he saw the home of a white man cut a notch and bring back to his people an accurate record of the number.

When our boat started down the Missouri River the old warrior went up on the top deck, knife in hand, so that he might not let any house escape his eye. As he was going down the river he cut a notch every time he saw a house. After a time the boat reached Yankton, where he saw so many houses that he had hard work to find room on his stick for all the marks he wanted to make. When he arrived at Sioux City, he had to get another stick or guess at the number. Afterwards, when he had passed through a hundred towns on the railroad, he became tired and went to sleep. When he was shown the tall houses in New York in which so many people dwell, he was completely confused.

After we returned to the agency, the young men gathered about the chief to learn how many white men there were in the country. The chief hesitated a while, then he said, "Go and count the grass on the prairie."

He was not far wrong!

WHY WHITE PEOPLE ADOPT INDIAN WAYS

MANY of the white people say that Indians are nearer being the children of God than are the white people who have so sorely oppressed them. In many instances we have adopted their customs. Often when we wish to cure our sick we use some of the methods of the Indians; we go off into the mountains, build a hut or put up a tent, live on the ground, eat fruits that we gather on the mountain side, drink the pure water that flows from the springs, or drink from the mineral springs which we find in the hills or the valleys. Then too we go to the springs of hot mud that boil out of the earth and bury our bodies in this hot mud until the aches and pains have left us. At other times we seek the seashore, where we can bathe in the salt water and let the sun come in contact with our bodies. We eat such animal food as we can gather near the shore of the ocean. There we remain until we are forced to return to our homes in the crowded cities and again live a "civilized" life.

Many of us would give everything we have in the world if to-day we might have the health of the native American as he was when our fathers first came to this country. We look about us at the present time and see a few Indians perhaps diseased, dying of consump-

tion, suffering from scrofula or from other ailments of like nature. How have they fallen into such a low condition, physically and morally? Let me tell you.

They have listened to the words of evil white men, they have tried to adopt the white man's ways, they have drunk the white man's fire water, they have eaten the meat of the white man, they have covered themselves with heavy clothing, they have contracted the habit of using the white man's tobacco, they have cut off the hair that once protected their heads and now wear the hats of the white man. Indians were never bald until they adopted hats.

The greed of the white man was so great that he wrested the land from the Indian, killed his herds of buffalo, made him a beggar, and then turned him out to die.

The good farmer treats his horses or cattle better than we have treated the Indians. After a horse has served a man for many years, he is turned into a pasture, there to end his days in peace.

CHAPTER XI

THE HONOR OF THE DAKOTAS

ARE INDIANS TREACHEROUS?

IN all my experience with Indians I never found them treacherous. As a race they were much more truthful than white people and had more respect for their word. They would not sign a paper, for their word was sufficient. They always kept a promise. I doubt whether as much can be said of the present-day Indian, with the smattering of education that we have given him. But I am speaking here of the old type of Indians among whom I lived and who were such true friends to me.

A few years ago one Indian killed another in the Indian Territory. He was tried for the crime and was sentenced to be hanged. The time set for the execution was one year from the date of the trial. The Indian did not like to be shut up in prison all that time, and he asked the judge if he might go to Florida and stay with some friends until the time came for him to be executed. The judge, knowing the regard

Indians have for their promises, told him to go and to come back on the appointed day. The Indian went. He stayed with his people until the appointed time, and then started for the jail. He arrived at the prison an hour before the time set for the execution and gave himself up to the sheriff.

Traders who had dealt with Indians for years told me that they had never lost a dollar in trusting them, but that they had lost heavily from trusting white men and half-breed Indians.

Spotted Tail said to me one day, "Father, when you do business with a Dakota, you may be sure that he will keep his word. When you do business with a half-breed"—he drew the index finger of his right hand across the palm of his left hand as he spoke—"one half will be good and the other half bad." I asked him how it was when he did business with white men. Hesitating a moment, he said, "White men have two tongues."

HOW COWARDICE WAS PUNISHED

NO crime chargeable to a young man was considered worse than cowardice. A father would rather have his son charged with murder. If one man kills another, there may be a reason for it, but there is no excuse for cowardice. If an Indian was accused of being

cowardly in an attack against the enemy he was brought before the chief of his band, where the accuser made his complaint. If the accused was proven guilty the chief directed that the coward's hair should be cut off close to his head.

Some of the young men would take their sharp knives and cut off the guilty man's hair. Then he was told to go and put on a woman's dress, for he was not a brave man. The finger of shame was pointed at him by all his people.

If the coward did not commit suicide, he often went away to remain until his hair grew out again. Usually he joined the first war party that started on the war path, in order to regain his lost position by some act of bravery. If he was then able to show that he was a brave man he was taken back among his people. The Indian girls would have nothing to say to a man who proved himself a coward. He was a social outcast.

WHY INDIANS DID NOT LOCK UP THEIR GOODS

I OFTEN noticed that when the Indians went away from their tepees they left in their lodges all the goods they did not wish to carry with them. They took two sticks and crossed them and stuck them in the ground before the tepee door. That was a sign that there was no one at home. In that way the door

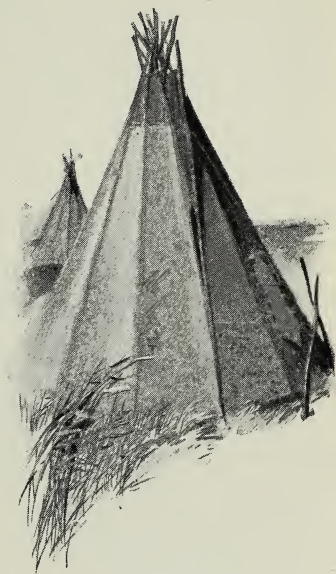
was securely "locked" from any of their people. I often asked myself what it was that locked the door.

The Indians had been taught from infancy to respect the rights of others. This they did because it was right to do so, not because of strong locks that they could not break or because of their fear of jails or of prisons. Honor had locked the door.

HOW STEALING WAS PUNISHED

THE Indian's attitude toward punishment is illustrated by an incident which took place while I was living among the Dakotas.

One morning an old Indian came to my office and told me that some one had stolen his favorite pony. He begged me to have the police hunt for it. Accordingly, I sent for my chief of police, Crow Dog, and told him to send some of his young men to find the pony and bring it back to the old man.



A LOCKED TEPEE.

Crow Dog sent out two young men who were gone about ten days. When they came back they brought with them the lost pony and the young man who had stolen it.

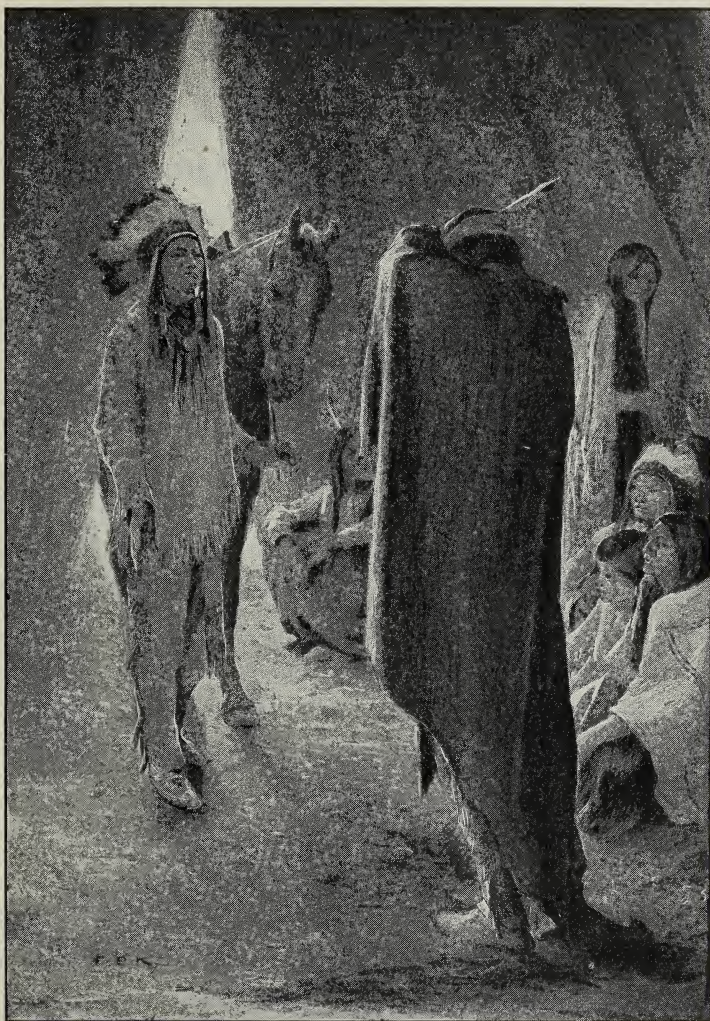
When the police brought the young man, they also brought his father with him. The father did not want the old man to be angry with his son for having taken the pony, so he gave the owner a knife, a blanket, and a piece of meat. The old man went away satisfied, and the father took his son home with him.

I asked the interpreter if they did not in some way punish their people when they stole horses.

"Yes," the interpreter said. "They will punish him in about ten days, but not now."

A week after this occurrence, the interpreter came to my office and told me that the young man who had stolen the pony was to be punished that day. In the afternoon I went with the interpreter to the tepee of the boy's father. I found his relatives assembled there, about thirty persons in all. When I entered, they were sitting on the ground singing. One man was beating on a tum-tum.

When the singing was ended they opened the tepee door and an old man entered, leading a very good pony. On the pony was a new saddle, a new Winchester rifle,



INDIAN PUNISHMENT FOR STEALING.

a blue blanket, a new suit of buckskin clothing, and many other things which a young man might like to have.

The old man who led the horse called to the young man who had stolen the pony a week before. "My boy," he said, "the Great Spirit does not like to have his children steal. Your father and mother do not like to have their children steal. Your relatives and friends do not like to have you steal. Here is a good pony, a new saddle, a new rifle, and a blue blanket. Your friends give you these things. Hereafter, if you should want anything that you do not have, ask your friends and they will give it to you ; but do not steal it."

Then the old man placed the bridle of the pony in the young man's hand. As the latter took it he covered his face with his blanket.

He stood there overcome with shame and unable to speak. Finally, one of the young people arose and took off the blanket that he was wearing, dressed him in his new clothing, gave him his new rifle and the other things, and made him sit on his pony. Then they all shouted: "Good ! Good ! Very good !" They had overlooked his first crime, hoping he would never commit another.

I asked the interpreter if another pony would be

given to the young man in case he should steal a pony a second time.

“No,” he said; “if one steals a second time, the Indians punish him differently.” He explained to me that after a second offense all the relatives and friends of the young man are called together. The people soon after their arrival arm themselves with stout whips and form in two lines across the prairie, standing about eight feet apart. The thief is told that he must remove all his clothing except the breechcloth and run between these two lines. As he runs down the lines every one gives him a smart cut with his whip. They strike him very hard. If he tries to run out from between the two lines he is brought back and is compelled to run again. Generally this treatment makes the guilty person so ashamed that I have known a young man to shoot himself rather than to face his friends. Sometimes he leaves the country. The Indians’ fear of ridicule is very great.

I asked the interpreter what would be done if the young man should steal a third time. “If he steals the third time, they catch him, take him out of the village, and shoot him full of arrows. That ends it. They give every one an opportunity to be good if he wishes to; but if he is bad, they do not want him in the tribe.”

CHAPTER XII

THE INDIAN OF TO-DAY

WHY TUBERCULOSIS IS KILLING SO MANY INDIANS

TUBERCULOSIS is killing the Indians at such a rapid rate that the time is not far distant when there will be none left in the country where once they were the only inhabitants.

Before the white men came here and took possession of this land, there was no stronger race of people than the Indians. This condition was due entirely to their manner of life and the food which they ate. The meat of the buffalo was healthful. The buffaloes were allowed to run at large and were sturdy and strong and not troubled by the diseases from which our domestic cattle suffer. Such meat made the Indians strong; they never knew anything about weak lungs or diseases of the liver.

Now the Indians eat the meat of animals that have been fed in unsanitary pens. They have always been very fond of meat, and now, because they can get no other kind, they must depend upon what is supplied to them by the white men. Such food poisons the entire system.

Then, again, they formerly slept in well-ventilated tepees. The top was always open so that there was a free circulation of fresh air, and they had an open fire in the tepees which destroyed the germs of many diseases.

Now they are trying to adopt the ways of the white man and, not having all the conveniences that white people have, they suffer. They are obliged to live in places where there is no sewerage, and they soon suffer from the diseases which naturally follow such a condition.

Formerly the Indians wore very little clothing, their bodies were washed in the creeks every day and were exposed to the direct rays of the sun; as a result, the men were toughened and were not likely to contract disease. Now they wear the clothing of the white man, the body soon loses its color and takes on a sickly hue; the vitality seems to have gone out of it just as the life goes out of a plant which has been shut away from the sun.

To rob him of his land, the white man has taken advantage of the Indian's weakness and given him that great destroyer of vitality, intoxicating liquor, which has wrought the ruin of the Indian just as opium has destroyed many Chinese.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WENT TO CARLISLE

NOW I suppose you want to know what has become of the Indians who have figured in these stories. About some of them I can tell you.

Many of the boys and girls whom the Indians sent to the Government school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, remained there until they were well educated, not only in books, but also in farming and different kinds of mechanical trades. When the time came for them to graduate, some of them went to live in the eastern states with white people who had become interested in the welfare of the Indians. Others went back to their homes in Dakota, where they became teachers in the Indian schools that had been established in the far West. Others married their associates of former years and took up land on the reservations, cultivating it in the way that they had learned at the school. Too much praise cannot be given to Colonel Pratt for his kindly interest in the Indian children and for his influence over them.

White Thunder (Wah-Ke-Eskah) lived for many years, and saw his children grow up to manhood and womanhood. The education that they received at the Carlisle School was of great benefit to them in later life. The young man did not care to have his scalp

lock braided or to have his face painted as he had learned to do when a boy among his own people. The buckskin dress, with trimmings of porcupine quills and elk's teeth, was no longer wanted by the young lady who came back to her people. She wanted a nice home, such as the white men lived in, and clothing like her white sisters'. These two young people are good examples of the changes brought about by education.

It has been said by men who are opposed to the civilization of the Indians that it does not pay to educate them. This is a great mistake. Some of the brightest men and women that the United States has ever produced have had Indian blood in their veins. Many full-blooded Indians have made their mark in our country. Some of the leading generals of the Civil War were of Indian descent.

It is of course true that some of the Indian boys and girls who returned from the Carlisle School went back to the uncivilized ways of their fathers. In this respect they were no different from people of other races.

WHAT BECAME OF SOME OF THE INDIANS I KNEW

SLEEP-IN-THE-CLOUDS, the old Holy Man, passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground many years ago. I hope that he found there the conditions

about which he so often talked to me. It was his teaching about the after world that enabled his people to look forward to it without fear.

Two Strike (Numph-Ka-Pa) and his family were killed by our soldiers at the massacre of the Dakotas at Wounded Knee Creek, of which I have told you.

My dear old friend, Spotted Tail (Sinta-Tegiliskah), was murdered by one of his own tribe—Crow Dog (Congee-Sunkah). While I was living among the Indians I had appointed Crow Dog as my chief of police. He was a very brave and efficient man, but like many of his Indian brothers he gave way in time to the temptations of the white man. He became addicted to the use of the white man's whiskey, and in a fit of drunken rage, when his mind was crazed by liquor, he shot and killed his best friend, Spotted Tail. He was taken to the United States Court at the Black Hills and tried for murder. He was convicted and was sentenced to be hung, but was afterwards acquitted.

As for the old Chief Spotted Tail, I shall always have the kindest remembrances of him. It was he who took so much interest in my learning the peculiar ways of his people and their religion. When the time comes for me to pass on to the Happy Hunting Ground of the future life, I hope that one of the first persons I

may meet there will be my dear old friend Spotted Tail. I want to show him how much I love him and how I respect him as a brother.

When Spotted Tail was buried (on platforms, as is the Indian way), they led two of his horses—his favorites—up near the place of burial and shot them, that their chief might have them to ride in the Happy Hunting Ground of the eternal life.



APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

Cyrus E. Dallin, Sc.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE EAGLE

A Warrior of the Brûlé Sioux



Little Eagle (Wambalee Ches-Challah) made this illustrated history of his life as a soldier in the year 1879. It took him nearly one month to make it. The original, from which this was copied, was ornamented with colored chalks.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE EAGLE

- FIG. 1. Little Eagle in battle with United States soldiers. He is in the act of running through the soldier's body a sword that he has captured. He wears three eagle feathers in his hair and a buckskin shirt with fringe on sleeves and body. The horse is painted and its tail is tied.
- FIG. 2. Little Eagle killing another soldier with his sword. The soldier belongs to the infantry, as shown by his gun.
- FIG. 3. Little Eagle, armed with a spear, killing a Pawnee, who is armed with bow and arrows. (The Pawnees were their greatest enemies.) Little Eagle's shield is shown on the horse's neck and a scalp is tied to the bridle.
- FIG. 4. Little Eagle killing an Indian squaw, his spear having gone into her back. The horseshoes on her skirt show that she belonged to the Shoshones.
- FIG. 5. Little Eagle, armed with bow and arrows and spear, in the act of killing a Pawnee woman.
- FIG. 6. Little Eagle killing a United States soldier with a revolver that he has captured. The soldier was a cavalryman, shown by his being mounted on a horse.
- FIG. 7. Little Eagle in another battle with United States cavalry. He is using two pistols.
- FIG. 8. Little Eagle in the act of killing another Pawnee with his spear. His war bow is in his hand, and the arrows are in a sack thrown over his shoulder.

BRIEF VOCABULARY OF THE DAKOTA LANGUAGE

For boys and girls who may be interested to know the Dakota terms for some of our more common English words, and especially for the Boy Scouts of America, this vocabulary has been prepared.

The words have been taken from the "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language," published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1852. There has been no attempt to make the vocabulary inclusive, or to embody any grammatical references. Where several Dakota equivalents for an English word were given, the shortest Indian word has usually been chosen.

a, an, *art.*, wan; an ox, tatonka wan.

afraid, *adj.*, kopehda.

afternoon, *noun*, wiyotanhana sanpa.

ah, *interj.*, hehehe.

and, *conj.*, ka.

animal, *noun*, woteka.

approval, ho or han frequently repeated
indicated approval.

arm, *noun*, isto; my arm, miisto.

ask, *verb*, da.

autumn, *noun*, ptanyetu.

bad, *adj.*, sica.

bait, *noun*, watan.

ball, *noun*, tapa.

battle, *noun*, wicokicize.

bear, *noun*, mato.

beat, *verb*, apa.

beautiful, good, *adj.*, waste.

bed, *noun*, owinza; to go to bed, iwanka.

beef, *noun*, (fresh), tado; (dried), waconica.

better, *adj.*, sanpa waste; best, iyotan
waste.

big, *adj.*, tanka.

birds, *noun*, zitkadan.

black, *adj.*, sapa.

blanket, *noun*, sina.

blood, *noun*, we.

blue, *adj.*, to.

boat, *noun*, wata.

bone, *noun*, hu.

book, *noun*, wowapi.

boy, *noun*, hoksidan.

brave, *adj.*, waditaka.

bread, *noun*, aguyapi.

breakfast, *noun*, hanhanna wotapi.

bring, *verb*, aku.

brook, *noun*, wakpadan.

call, *verb*, pan.

camp, *noun*, owanka.

carry, *verb*, aya.

chief, *noun*, itancan.

climb, *verb*, adi.

clothes, *noun*, wokoyake.

coffee, *noun*, pezhuta sapa.

cold, cool, *adj.*, sni.

cup, *noun*, wiyatke.

day, *noun*, anpetu.

dinner, *noun*, wiyotanhana wotapi.

dirty, *adj.*, sapa.

dive, *verb*, kihnuka.

dog, *noun*, sunka.

drink, *verb*, yatkan.

dry, *adj.*, puza.

eat, *verb*, wota.

enemy, *noun*, toka.

evening, *noun*, htayetu.

eye, *noun*, ista.

face, *noun*, ite.

far, *adv.*, tehan.

fast, *adj.*, suta.

fear, *noun*, wokokipe.

find, *verb*, iyeya.

fire, *noun*, peta; *verb*, ideya; to make a fire, ceti.

fish, *noun*, hogan; *verb*, hoyupsica.

food, *noun*, wo.

foot, *noun*, siha.

get, *verb*, kamna.

give, *verb*, ku.

go, *verb*, ya.

gun, *noun*, mazakan.

hand, *noun*, nape.

has, have, *verb*, yuha.

head, *noun*, itancan.

horse, *noun*, suktanka.

hot, *adj.*, kata.

house, *noun*, tipi.

hungry, *adj.*, wotektehda.

hunt, *verb*, akita.

I, *pron.*, mis.

Indian, *noun*, Ikcewicasta.

journey, *noun*, icimanipi.

kill, *verb*, kte.

knife, *noun*, isan.

lake, *noun*, mde.

large, *adj.*, tanka.

lazy, *adj.*, kuza.

leader, *noun*, itancan.

leg, *noun*, hu.

listen, *verb*, a.

little, small, *adj.*, cistinna.

man, men, *noun*, wicasta.

meat, *noun*, woyute.

milk, *noun*, pte asanpi.

moon, *noun*, hanyetu-wi.

morning, *noun*, hanhanna.

mosquito, *noun*, caponka.

mountain, *noun*, he.

mouth, *noun*, wicai.

near, *adj.*, kiyedan.

new, *adj.*, teca.

night, *noun*, hanyetu.

no, *adv.*, hiya.

noise, *noun*, oko.

old, *adj.*, kan.

pack, *noun*, pahtapi; *verb*, pahta.

path, *noun*, canku.

pipe, *noun*, cotanka.

plate, *noun*, waksica.

quick, *adj.*, ohanko.

quickly, *adv.*, ohankoya.

rain, *noun or verb*, magazu.

read, *verb*, wowapi yawa.

red, *adj.*, sa.

river, *noun*, watpa.

road, *noun*, canku.

rock, *noun*, imniza.

row, *verb*, watopa.

run, *verb*, inyanka.

salt, *noun*, miniskuya.

shoe, *noun*, canhanpa.

shoot, *verb*, mazakan econ.

sick, *adj.*, yazan.

signal, *noun*, wokoza.

skin, *noun*, ha.

sleep, *verb*, istinma; *noun*, woistinma.

slow, *adj.*, hunke sni.

small, *adj.*, cistinna.

smell, *noun*, omnapi; *verb*, omna.

smoke, *noun or verb*, sota.

snake, *noun*, wamduska.

sore, *adj.*, yazan.

speak, *verb*, ia.

spoon, *noun*, tukiha.

star, *noun*, wicanhpi.

stick, *noun*, can.

stomach, *noun*, tezi.

stone, *noun*, inyan.

stream, *noun*, watpa.

string, *noun*, ikan.

sugar, *noun*, canhanpi.

summer, *noun*, mdoketu.

sun, *noun*, anpetu-wi; *sunburnt*, *part.*, mastispan.

supper, *noun*, htayetu wotapi.

sweet, *adj.*, skuya.

swim, *verb*, niwan.

table, *noun*, wahna wotapi.

tent, *noun*, wakeya.

the, *art.*, kin.

think, *verb*, ecin.

thirsty, *adj.*, ipuza.

throw, *verb*, kaho iyeya.

tired, *part.*, comnihda.

to-day, *adv.*, ecin.

to-morrow, *adv.*, heyakecinhan.

tooth, teeth, *noun*, hi.

trail, *noun*, canku.

tramp, *verb*, natantan.

tree, *noun*, can.

tribe, *noun*, wicowazi.

trip, *noun*, icimanipi.

try, *verb*, iyuta.

venison, *noun*, tado.

war, *noun*, kicizapi; *war party*, ozuye.

water, *noun*, mini.

wet, *adj.*, spaya.

whistle, *noun*, cotanke; *verb*, zozo.

white, *adj.*, ska.

wind, *noun*, tate.

winter, *noun*, winiyetu.

wood, *noun*, can; *to get firewood*, cande.

work, *noun*, wicohtani; *verb*, htani.

wound, *noun*, oo; *verb*, o.

write, *verb*, owa.

wrong, *adj.*, sica.

yellow, *adj.*, zi.

yes, *adv.*, han, ho.

yesterday, *adv.*, htanihan.

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